

73 *Key* 7
T H E
ISLAND PRINCESS.

A
TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by

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A N D

Mr. *JOHN FLETCHER*.



L O N D O N,

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Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

KING of Sidore, *an Island.*
King of Bakam, } *Suitors to the Princess Qui-*
King of Siana, } *sara.*
Governor of Terna, *an Island. An ill Man.*
Ruy Dias, *a Captain of Portugal, also Suitor to the Prin-*
cess.
Piniero, *Nephew to Ruy Dias, a merry Captain.*
Christophero, } *Soldiers, and Friends to Piniero.*
Pedro, }
Armusia, *a noble daring Portugueze, in Love with the*
Princess.
Soza, } *Companions to Armusia, and his valiant Fol-*
Emanuel, } *lowers.*
Keeper.
Moors.
Guard.
Captain.
Citizens.
Townsmen.

W O M E N.

Quisara, *the Island Princess, Sister to the King of Sidore.*
Quisana, *Aunt to the Princess.*
Panura, *Waiting-Woman to the Princess Quisara.*
Citizens Wives.

S C E N E I N D I A.

T H E

THE ISLAND PRINCESS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Bell Rings.

Enter Piniero, Christophero, and Pedro.

Pin. **O** Pen the Ports, and see the Watch reliev'd,
And let the Guards be careful of their Business,
Their vigilant Eyes fixt on these Islanders,
They are false and desperate People, when they find
The least occasion open to Encouragement,
Cruel, and crafty Souls; believe me Gentlemen,
Their late Attempt, which is too fresh amongst us,
In which against all Arms and Honesty,
The Governor of *Terna* made surprize
Of our Confederate, the King of *Sidore*,
As for his Recreation he was rowing
Between both Lands, bids us be wise and circumspect.

Christ. It was a mischief suddenly imagin'd,
And as soon done; that Governor's a fierce Knave,
Unfaithful as he is fierce too, there's no trusting;
But I wonder much, how such poor and base Pleasures,
As tugging at an Oar, or skill in Steerage,
Should become Princes.

Pin. Base Breedings, love base Pleasure;
They take as much Delight in a *Baratto*,
A litle scurvy Boat to row her tightly,
And have the Art to turn and wind her nimbly,
Think it as noble too, though it be slavish,
And a dull labour that declines a Gentleman;
As we *Portugals*, or the *Spaniards* do in riding,
In Managing a great Horse, which is princely;
The *French* in Courtship, or the dancing *English*
In carrying a fair Presence.

Ped. He was strangely taken;

But where no Faith is, there's no trust; he has paid for't;
His Sister yet, the fair and great *Quisara*,
Has shew'd a noble Mind, and much Love in't
To her afflicted Brother, and the nobler still it appears
And seasons of more Tenderness, because his Ruin stiles her absolute,
Feeling all this, which makes all Men admire her,
The warm Beams of this Fortune that fall on her,
Yet has she made divers and noble Treaties,
And Propositions for her Brother's Freedom,
If Wealth or Honour——

Pin. Peace, Peace, you are fool'd, Sir;
Things of these Natures have strange Outsides, *Pedro*,
And cunning Shadows, set 'em far from us,
Draw 'em but near, they are gross, and they abuse us;
They that observe her close, shall find her Nature,
Which I doubt mainly will not prove so excellent;
She is a Princess, and she must be fair,
'That's the Prerogative of being Royal:
Let her want Eyes and Nose she must be beauteous,
And she must know it too, and the use of it,
And People must believe it, they are damn'd else;
Why, all our Neighbour Princes are mad for her.

Christ. Is she not fair then?

Pin. But her hopes are fairer,
And there's a haughty Master, the King of *Bakan*,
'That lofty Sir, that speaks far more and louder,
In his own Commendations, than a Cannon;
He is stricken dumb with her.

Ped. Beshrew me she is a sweet one.

Pin. And there's that hopeful Man of *Syana*,
That sprightly Fellow, he that's wise and temperate,
He is a Lover too.

Christ. Wou'd I were worth her looking
For; by my Life I hold her a compleat one,
'The very Sun I think affects her sweetness,
And dares not, as he does to all else, dye it
Into his tauny Livery.

Pin. She dares not see him,
But keeps her self at distance from his Kisses,
And her Complexion in a Case; let him but like it
A week, or two, or three, she would look like a Lion;
But the main sport on't is, or rather wonder,
The Governor of *Ternata*, her mortal Enemy,
He that has catcht her Brother King, is struck too,
And is arriv'd under a safe Conduct also,
And Hostages of worth delivered for him;

And

And he brought a Letter from his Prisoner,
Whether compell'd or willingly delivered
From the poor King, or what else dare be in't.

Christ. So it be honourable, any thing, 'tis all one,
For I dare think she'll do the best.

Pin. 'Tis certain
He has Admittance, and sollicit hourly,
Now if he have the Trick——

Ped. What Trick?

Pin. The true one,
To take her too, if he be but skill'd in Bat-fowling,
And lime his Bush right.

Christ. I'll be hang'd when that hits,
For 'tis not a compell'd or forc'd Affection
That must take her, I guess her stout and virtuous.
But where's your Uncle, Sir, our valiant Captain,
The brave *Ruy Dias*, all this while?

Pin. Ay marry,
He is amongst em too.

Ped. A Lover.

Pin. Nay,
I know not that, but since he stands in Favour,
Or would stand stifly, he is no *Portugal* else.

Christ. The Voice says in good favour, in the List too
Of the privy Wooers, how cunningly of late
I have observ'd him, and how privately
He has stolen at all Hours from us, and how readily
He has feign'd a business to bid the Fort farewell
For five or six Days, or a Month together;
Sure there is something——

Pin. Yes, yes, there is a thing in't,
A thing would make the best on's all dance after it;
A dainty thing; Lord how this Uncle of mine
Has read to me, and rated me for Wenching,
And told me in what desperate case 'twould leave me,
And how 'twould stew my Bones.

Ped. You cared not for it.

Pin. I faith not much, I ventur'd on still easily,
And took my Chance, danger is a Soldier's Honour;
But that this Man, this Herb of Grace, *Ruy Dias*,
This Father of our Faculties, should slip thus,
For sure he is a ferreting, that he
That would drink nothing, to depress the Spirit,
But Milk and Water, eat nothing but thin Air
To make his Blood obedient, that his Youth,
In spite of all his Temperance, should tickle,

And

And have a Love-mange on him.

Christ. 'Tis in him, Sir,

But honourable Courtship, and becomes his Rank too.

Pin. In me 'twere abominable Leachery, or would be,
For when our Thoughts are on't, and miss their level,
We must hit something.

Ped. Well, he's a noble Gentleman,
And if he be a Suitor, may he speed in't.

Pin. Let him alone, our Family ne'er fail'd yet.

Christ. Our mad Lieutenant still, merry *Piniero*.

Thus wou'd he do if the Surgeon were searching of him.

Ped. Especially if a warm Wench had shot him.

Pin. But hark *Christophero*; come hither *Pedro*;
When saw you our brave Country-man *Armusia*?
He that's arriv'd here lately, and his Gallants?

A goodly Fellow, and a brave Companion
Methinks he is, and no doubt truly valiant,
For he that dares come hither, dares fight any where.

Christ. I saw him not of late; a sober Gentleman
I am sure he is, and no doubt bravely sprung,
And promises much Nobleness.

Pin. I love him,
And by my Troth wou'd fain be inward with him;
Pray let's go seek him.

Ped. We'll attend you, Sir.

Pin. By that time we shall hear the burst of Business. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana and Panura.

Quisara. Aunt, I much thank you for your Courtesie,
And the fair Liberty you still allow me,
Both of your House and Service: Though I be
A Princess, and by that Prerogative stand free
From the poor malice of Opinion,
And no ways bound to render up my Actions,
Because no power above me can examine me;
Yet my dear Brother being still a Prisoner,
And many wandring Eyes upon my ways,
Being left alone a Sea-mark, it behoves me
To use a litle Caution, and be circumspect.

Quisana. You're wise and noble, Lady.

Quisara. Often Aunt
I resort hither, and privately to see you,
It may be to converse with some I favour;
I wou'd not have it known as oft, nor constru'd,
It stands not with my care.

Quisana. You speak most fairly,
For even our pure Devotions are examin'd.

Quisara.

Quisar. So mad are Mens Minds now.

Ruy. Or rather monstrous;

They are thick Dreams, bred in Fogs that know no fairness.

Quisan. Madam, the House is yours, I am yours, pray use me,
And at your service all I have lies prostrate;
My care shall ever be to yield ye Honour,
And when your Fame falls here, 'tis my Fault Lady.
A poor and simple Banquet I have provided,
Which if you please to honour with your Presence——

Quisar. I thank ye Aunt, I shall be with you instantly,
A few words with this Gentleman.

Quisan. I'll leave ye,
And when you please retire, I'll wait upon you.

[*Exeunt Quisan. and Pan.*]

Quisar. Why, how now Captain, what, afraid to speak to me?
A man of Arms, and daunted with a Lady?
Commanders have the power to parle with Princes.

Ruy. Madam, the Favours you have still shower'd on me,
Which are so high above my means of Merit,
So infinite, that nought can value 'em
But their own Goodness, no Eyes look up to 'em
But those that are of equal Light and Lustre,
Strike me thus mute: You are my royal Mistress,
And all my Services that aim at Honour,
Take Life from you, the Saint of my Devotions;
Pardon my wish, it is a fair Ambition,
And well becomes the man that honours you;
I wou'd I were of Worth, of something near you,
Of such a royal Piece, a King I wou'd be,
A mighty King that might command Affection,
And bring a Youth upon me might bewitch ye,
And you a sweet-soul'd Christian.

Quisar. Now you talk, Sir;
You *Portugals*, though you be rugged Soldiers,
Yet when you list to flatter, you are plain Courtiers;
And could you wish me *Christian*, brave *Ruy Dias*?

Ruy. At all the danger of my Life, great Lady,
At all my hopes, at all——

Quisar. Pray ye stay a little,
To what end runs your wish?

Ruy. O glorious Lady,
That I might——but I dare not speak.

Quisar. I dare then,
That you might hope to marry me; nay blush not,
An honourable end needs no excuse;
And would you love me then?

Ruy. My Soul not dearer.

Quisar.

Quislar. Do some brave thing that may entice me that way,
 Something of such a meritorious Goodness,
 Of such an unmatcht Nobleness, that I may know
 You have a power beyond ours that preserves you:
 'Tis not the Person, nor the Royal Title,
 Nor Wealth, nor Glory, that I look upon,
 That inward Man I love that's lin'd with Virtue,
 That well deserving Soul works out a Favour;
 I have many Princes Suiters, many great ones,
 Yet above these I love you, you are valiant,
 An active Man, able to build a Fortune;
 I do not say I dote, nor mean to marry,
 Only the hope is, something may be done,
 That may compel my Faith, and ask my Freedom,
 And leave Opinion fair.

Ray. Command, dear Lady,
 And let the Danger be as deep Hell,
 As direfull to attempt——

Quislar. You're too sudden,
 I must be rul'd by you, find out a Fortune
 Wisely, and handsomely, examine Time,
 And court Occasion that she may be ready;
 A thousand uses for your forward Spirit
 Ye may find daily, be sure ye take a good one,
 A brave and worthy one that may advance ye,
 Forc'd Smiles reward poor Dangers; you are a Soldier,
 I wou'd not talk so else, and I love a Soldier,
 And that that speaks him true, and great, his Valour;
 Yet for all these, which are but Womens Follies,
 You may do what you please, I shall still know ye,
 And though ye wear no Sword.

Ray. Excellent Lady,
 When I grow so cold, and disgrace my Nation,
 That from their hardy Nurses suck Adventures,
 'Twere fit I wore a Tombstone; you have read to me
 The story of your Favour, if I mistake it,
 Or grow a Truant in the study of it,
 A great correction, Lady—

Quislar. Let's to th' Banquet,
 And have some merry talk, and then to Court,
 Where I give audience to my general Suitors;
 Pray Heav'n my Woman's Wit hold; there brave Captain,
 You may perchance meet something that may startle ye;
 I'll say no more, come be not sad——
 I love ye.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Piniero, Armusia, Soza, Christophero, and Emanuel.

Pin. You are welcome Gentlemen, most worthy welcome,
And know there's nothing in our Power may serve ye,
But you may freely challenge.

Arm. Sir, we thank ye,
And rest your Servants too.

Pin. Ye are worthy *Portugals*,
You shew the Bravery of your Minds and Spirits;
The Nature of our Country too; that brings forth
Stirring, unwearied Souls to seek Adventures;
Minds never satisfied with search of Honour:
Where time is, and the Sun gives light, brave Country-men,
Our Names are known, new Worlds disclose their Riches,
Their Beauties, and their Prides to our Embraces;
And we the first of Nations find these Wonders.

Arm. These noble Thoughts, Sir, have entic'd us forward,
And Minds unapt for ease, to see these Miracles,
In which we find Report a poor Relater;
We are arriv'd among the blessed Islands,
Where every Wind that rises blows Perfumes,
And every breath of Air is like an Incense:
The treasure of the Sun dwells here, each Tree
As if it envied the old *Paradise*,
Strives to bring forth immortal Fruit; the Spices
Renewing Nature, though not deifying,
And when that falls by time, scorning the Earth,
The sullen Earth should taint, or suck their Beauties,
But as we dreamt, for ever so preserve us:
Nothing we see, but breeds an Admiration;
The very Rivers, as we float along,
Throw up their Pearls, and curl their Heads to court us;
The Bowels of the Earth swell with the Births
Of thousand unknown Gems, and thousand Riches;
Nothing that bears a Life, but brings a Treasure;
The People they shew brave too, civil manner'd,
Proportioned like the Masters of great Minds;
The Women, which I wonder at——

Pin. We speak well.

Arm. Of delicate Aspects, fair, clearly Beauteous,
And to that Admiration, sweet and courteous.

Pin. And is not that a good thing? Brave *Armusia*,
You never saw the Court before?

Arm. No certain,
But that I see a wonder too, all excellent,
The Government exact.

Christ. Ye shall see anon,

That that will make ye start indeed, such Beauties,
Such Riches, and such Form.

Enter Bakam, Siana, and Governor.

Soza. We are Fire already;
The wealthy Magazine of Nature sure
Inhabits here.

Arm. These sure are all Islanders.

Pin. Yes and great Princes too, and lusty Lovers.

Arm. They are goodly Persons; what might he be, Signior,
That bears so proud a State?

Pin. King of *Bakam*,
A Fellow that farts Terrour.

Eman. He looks highly,
Sure he was begot o' th' top of a Steeple.

Christ. It may well be,
For you shall hear him ring anon.

Pin. That is *Siana*,
And a brave temper'd Fellow, and more Valiant.

Soza. What rugged Face is that?

Pin. That's the great Governor,
The Man surpriz'd our Friend, I told ye of him.

Arm. 'Has dangerous Eyes.

Pin. A perilous Theif, and subtle.

Christ. And to that subtilty a Heart of Iron.

Pin. Yet the young Lady makes it melt.

Arm. They start all,
And thunder in the Eyes.

Bak. Away ye poor ones,
Am I in competition with such Bubbles?
My Virtue, and my Name rank'd with such Trifles?

Sia. Ye speak loud.

Bakam. Young Man, I will speak louder;
Can any Man but I deserve her Favour,
You petty Princes?

Pin. He will put 'em all in's Pocket.

Sia. Thou proud mad thing, be not so full of Glory,
So full of Vanity.

Bakam. How? I contemn thee,
And that Fort-keeping Fellow.

Pin. How the Dog looks,
The bandog Governor?

Gov. Ha, Why?

Bakam. Away thing,
And keep your Rank with those that fit your Royalty;
Call out the Princess.

Gov. Dost thou know me, Bladder,

Thou

The Island Princess.

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Thou insolent Impostume?

Bakam. I despise thee.

Gov. Art thou acquainted with my Nature, Baby?
With my revenge for Injuries? Dar'st thou hold me
So far behind thy file, I cannot reach thee?

What canst thou merit?

Bakam. Merit? I am above it;
I am equal with all Honours, all Atchievements,
And what is great and worthy; the best Doer
I keep at my command, Fortune's my Servant,
'Tis in my Power now to despise such Wretches,
To look upon ye slightly, and neglect ye,
And but she daines at some hours to remember ye,
And People have bestowed some Titles on ye,
I should forget your Names ———

Sia. Mercy of me;
What a blown Fool has self Affection
Made of this Fellow; Did not the Queen your Mother
Long for Bellows, and Bagpipes, when she was great with ye,
She brought forth such a windy Birth?

Gov. 'Tis Ten to one
She eat a Drum, and was deliver'd of Alarum,
Or else he was swaddled in an old Sail when he was young.

Sia. He swells too mainly with his Meditations;
Faith, talk a little handsomer, ride softly
That we may be able to hold way with ye, we are Princes,
But those are but poor things to you; talk wiser,
'Twill well become your Mightiness; talk less,
That Men may think ye can do more.

Gov. Talk Truth,
That Men may think ye are honest, and believe ye,
Or talk your self asleep, for I am weary of you.

Bakam. Why? I can talk and do.

Gov. That would do excellent.

Bakam. And tell you, only I deserve the Princess,
And make good only I, if you dare, you Sir,
Or you *Siana's* Prince.

Pin. Here's a Storm toward,
Methinks it sings already; to him, Governor.

Gov. Here lies my Proof.

Sia. And mine.

Gov. I'll be short with ye,
For these long Arguments I was never good at.

Pin. How white the Boaster looks?

Enter Ruy Dias, Quisara, Quisana, and Panura.

Arm. I see he lacks Faith.

[*Draw.*

Ruy. For shame forbear great Princes, rule your Angers,
You violate the Freedom of this Place,
The State and Royalty——

Gov. He's well contented
It seems, and so I have done.

Arm. Is this she, Signior?

Pin. This is the Princess, Sir.

Arm. She is sweet and goodly,
An admirable Form, they have cause to juggle.

Quisar. Ye wrong me and my Court, ye forward Princes;
Comes your Love wrapt in Violence to seek us?
Is't fit, though you be great, my Presence should be
—Stain'd and polluted with your bloody Rages?
My Privacies affrighted with your Swords?
He that loves me, loves my command; be temper'd,
Or be no more what ye profess, my Servants.

Omnes. We are calm as Peace.

Arm. What Command she carries!
And what a sparkling Majesty flies from her!

Quisar. Is it ye love to do? Ye shall find danger,
And danger that shall start your Resolutions,
But not this way; 'tis not contention,
Who loves me to my Face best, or who can flatter most,
Can carry me; he that deserves my Favour,
And will enjoy what I bring, Love and Majesty,
Must win me with his worth; must travel for me,
Must put his hasty Rage off, and put on
A well confirm'd, a temperate, and true Valour.

Omnes. But shew the way.

Quisar. And will, and then shew you
A Will to tread the way, I'll say ye are worthy.

Pin. What Task now
Will she turn 'em to? These hot Youths
I fear will find a cooling Card, I read in her Eyes
Something that has some swinge must fly amongst 'em;
By this Hand I love her a little now.

Quisar. 'Tis not unknown to you
I had a royal Brother, now miserable,
And Prisoner to that Man; if I were Ambitious,
Gap'd for that Glory was ne'er born with me,
There he should lie his Miseries upon him.
If I were covetous, and my Heart set
On Riches, and those base Effects that follow
On Pleasures uncontroul'd, or safe Revenges,
There he should die, his Death will give me all these;
For then stood I up absolute to do all;

Yet all these flattering shews of Dignity,
Those golden Dreams of Greatness cannot force
To forget Nature and my fair Affection.
Therefore that Man that would be known my Lover,
Must be known his Redeemer, and must bring him
Either alive or dead to my Embraces,
For even his Bones I scorn shall feel such Slavery,
Or seek another Mistress; 'twill be hard
To do this, wondrous hard, a great Adventure,
Fit for a Spirit of an equal Greatness;
But being done, the Reward is worthy of it.

Christ. How they stand gaping all?

Quisar. *Ruy Dias* cold?

Not fly like Fire into it? May be you doubt me,
He that shall do this is my Husband Prince;
By the bright Heav'ns he is, by whose justice
I openly proclaim it; if I lie,
Or seek to set you on with subtilty,
Let that meet with me, and reward my Falshood.
No stirring yet, no start into a bravery?

Ruy. Madam, it may be, but being a main danger,
Your Grace must give me leave to look about me,
And take a little time, the Cause will ask it.
Great Acts require great Counsels.

Quisar. Take your Pleasure,
I fear the *Portugal*.

Bakam. I'll raise an Army
That shall bring back this Island, Fort and all,
And fix it here.

Gov. How long will this be doing?
You should have begun in your Grandfather's Days.

Sia. What may be,
And what my Power can promise, noblest Lady,
My Will I am sure stands fair.

Quisar. Fair be your Fortune,
Few Promises are best, and fair Performance.

Gov. These cannot do,
Their Power and Arts are weak ones.
'Tis in my Will, I have this King your Brother,
He is my Prisoner, I accept your Proffer,
And bless the fair Occasion that atchiev'd him:
I love ye, and I honour ye; but speak,
Whether alive or dead he shall be rendred,
And see how readily, how in an instant,
Quick as your Wishes, Lady——

Quisar. No, I scorn ye,

You and your Courtesie; I hate your Love, Sir;
 And e'er I would so basely win his Liberty,
 I would study to forget he was my Brother;
 By force he was taken; he that shall enjoy me,
 Shall fetch him back by force, or never know me.

Pin. As I live, a rare Wench.

Arm. She has a noble Spirit.

Gov. By Force?

Quisar. Yes Sir, by force, and make you glad too
 To let him go.

Gov. How? You may look nobler on me,
 And think me no such Boy? by force he must not,
 For your Love much may be.

Quisar. Put up your Passion,
 And pack ye home; I say, by Force, and suddenly.
 He lies there till he rots else, although I love him
 Most tenderly and dearly, as a Brother,
 And out of these respects would joy to see him;
 Yet to receive him as thy Courtesie,
 With all the Honour thou couldst add unto him
 From his Hands that most hate him, I had rather,
 Though no condition were propounded for him,
 See him far sunk i'th' Earth, and there forget him.

Pin. Your hopes are gelt, good Governor.

Arm. A rare Woman.

Gov. Lady,
 I'll pull this Pride, I'll quench this Bravery,
 And turn your glorious scorn to tears and howlings;
 I will, proud Princess; this neglect of me
 Shall make thy Brother King most miserable;
 Shall turn him into Curses 'gainst thy Cruelty:
 For where before I us'd him like a King,
 And did those Royal Offices unto him:
 Now he shall lie a sad lump in a Dungeon,
 Loaden with Chains and Fetters, Colds and Hunger,
 Darkness, and lingring Death for his Companions;
 And let me see who dare attempt his Rescue,
 What desperate Fool look toward it? farewell,
 And when thou know'st him thus, lament thy Follies,
 Nay I will make thee kneel to take my Offer:
 Once more farewell, and put thy trust in Puppits.

[Exit.

Quisar. If none dare undertake it, I'll live a Mourner.

Bakam. You cannot want.

Sia. You must not.

Ray. 'Tis most dangerous,
 And wise Men wou'd proceed with Care and Counsel,

Yet

Yet some way would I knew——

Walk with me, Gentlemen——

Manent, Armusia, and his Companions.

[*Exeunt.*]

Arm. How do you like her Spirit?

Soza. 'Tis a clear one,

Clog'd with no dirty stuff, she is all pure Honour.

Ema. The bravest Wench I ever look'd upon,
And of the strongest parts, she is most fair,
Yet her Mind such a Mirrour——

Arm. What an Action
Wou'd this be to put forward on, what a Glory,
And what an everlasting Wealth to end it?
Methinks my Soul is strangely rais'd.

Soza. To step into it,
Just while they think, and e'er they have determin'd,
To bring the King off.

Arm. Things have been done as dangerous.

Ema. And prosper'd best, when they were least consider'd.

Arm. Bless me my hopes,
And you my Friends assist me.
None but our Companions.

Soza. You deal wisely,
And if we shrink, the name of Slaves die with us.

Ema. Stay not for second Thoughts.

Arm. I am determin'd;
And though I lose, it shall be sung, I was valiant,
And my brave Offer shall be turn'd to Story,
Worthy the Princess Tongue. A Boat, that's all
That's unprovided, and Habits like to Merchants,
The rest we'll counsel as we go.

Soza. Away then,
Fortune looks fair on those, make haste to win her.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Keeper, and two or three Moors.

Keep. I Have kept many a Man, and many a great one,
Yet I confess, I never saw before
A Man of such a sufferance; he lies now
Where I would not lay my Dog, for sure 'twould kill him,
Where neither light or comfort can come near him;
Nor Air nor Earth that's wholesome; it grieves me
To see a mighty King with all his Glory,
Sunk o'th' sudden to the bottom of a Dungeon.

Whether

Whether should we descend that are poor Rascals,
If we had our Deserts?

1 Moor. 'Tis a strange wonder,
Load him with Irons; oppress him with Contempts,
Which are the Governor's commands, give him nothing,
Or so little, to sustain Life, 'tis next nothing;
They stir not him, he smiles upon his Miseries,
And bears 'em with such strength, as if his Nature
Had been nurs'd up, and foster'd with Calamities.

2 Moor. He gives no ill words, curses, nor repines not,
Blames nothing, hopes in nothing, we can hear of;
And in the midst of all these frights, fears nothing.

Keep. I'll be sworn
He fears not, for even when I shake for him,
As many times my Pity will compell me,
When other Souls, that bear not half his Burthen,
Shrink in their Powers, and burst with their Oppressions;
Then will he sing; wooe his Afflictions,
And court 'em in sad Airs, as if he wou'd wed 'em.

1 Moor. That's more than we have heard yet, we are only
Appointed for his Guard, but not so near him,
If we could hear that wonder——

Keep. Many Times
I fear the Governor should come to know it;
For his Voice so affects me, so delights me,
That when I find his Hour, I have Musick ready,
And it stirs me infinitely; be but still and private,
And you may chance to hear.

King appears loaden with Chains, his Head and Arms only above.

2 Moor. We will not stir, Sir;
This is a sudden change, but who dares blame it?

Keep. Now hark and melt, for I am sure I shall;
Stand silent; what stubborn weight of Chains——

1 Moor. Yet he looks temperately.

2 Moor. His Eyes not sunk, and his Complexion firm still,
No wildness, no distemper'd touch upon him,
How constantly he smiles, and how undaunted?
With what a Majesty he heaves his Head up?

Keep. Now mark, I know he will sing; do not disturb him.
Your allowance from the Governor, wou'd it were more, Sir,
Or in my power to make it handsomer.

King. Do not transgress thy charge, I take his Bounty,
And Fortune, whilst I bear a Mind contented,
Not leaven'd with the Glory I am fallen from,
Nor hang upon vain hopes, that may corrupt me.

Enter

Enter Governor.

Gov. Thou art my Slave, and I appear above thee.

Keep. The Governor himself. *Gov.* What, at your Banquet?
And in such State, and with such change of Service?

King. Nature's no Glutton; Sir, a little serves her.

Gov. This Diet's wholesome then. *King.* I beg no better.

Gov. A calm contented Mind, give him less next;
These full Meals will oppress his Health, his Grace
Is of a tender and pure Constitution,
And such Repletions——

King. Mock, mock, it moves not me, Sir,
Thy Mirths, as do thy Mischiefs, fly behind me.

Gov. Ye carry it handsomely, but tell me Patience,
Do not you curse the brave and royal Lady,
Your gracious Sister? do not you damn her Pity,
Damn twenty times a Day, and damn it seriously?
Do not you swear aloud too, cry and kick?
The very Soul sweat in thee with the Agony
Of her contempt of me? Couldst not thou eat her
For being so injurious to thy Fortune,
Thy fair and happy Fortune? Couldst not thou wish her
A Bastard, or a Whore, Fame might proclaim her;
Black ugly Fame, or that thou hadst had no Sister?
Spitting the general Name out, and the Nature;
Blaspheming Heav'n for making such a Mischief;
For giving Power to Pride, and Will to Woman?

King. No Tyrant, no, I bless and love her for it;
And though her scorn of thee, had laid up for me
As many Plagues as the corrupted Air breeds,
As many Mischiefs as the Hours have Minutes,
As many forms of Death, as Doubt can figure;
Yet I should love more still, and more honour her;
All thou canst lay upon me, cannot bend me,
No, not the stroke of Death, that I despise too:
For if Fear could possess me, thou hadst won me;
As little from this hour I prize thy Flatteries,
And less than those thy Prayers, though thou would'st kneel to me;
And if she be not Mistress of this Nature,
She is none of mine, no kin, and I condemn her.

Gov. Are you so valiant, Sir? *King.* Yes, and so fortunate;
For he that holds his Constancy still conquers;
Hadst thou preserv'd me as a noble Enemy,
And as at first, made my Restraint seem to me
But only as the shadow of Captivity,
I had still spoke thee noble, still declar'd thee
A valiant, great, and worthy Man, still lov'd thee,

And still prefer'd thy fair Love to my Sister;
But to compel this from me with a Misery,
A most inhumane, and unhandsome Slavery——

Gov. You will relent for all this talk, I fear not,
And put your Wits a-work again. *King.* You are cozen'd;
Or if I were so weak to be wrought to it,
So fearful to give way to so much Poverty,
How I should curse her Heart, if she consented?

Gov. You shall write, and entreat, or——

King. Do thy utmost,
And e'en in all thy Tortures I'll laugh at thee.
I'll think thee no more valiant, but a Villain,
Nothing thou hast done brave, but like a Thief,
Atchiev'd by craft, and kept by cruelty;
Nothing thou canst deserve, thou art dishonest;
Nor no way live to build a Name, thou art Barbarous.

Gov. Down with him low enough, there let him murmur,
And see his Diet be so light and little,
He grow not thus high-hearted on't; I will cool ye,
And make ye cry for mercy, and be ready
To work my Ends, and willingly; and your Sister taken down,
Your scornful, cruel Sister, shall repent too
And sue to me for Grace. Give him no Liberty,
But let his Bands be doubled, his Ease lessened;
Nothing his Heart desires, but vex and torture him:
Let him not sleep, nothing that's dear to Nature
Let him enjoy, yet take heed that he die not;
Keep him as near Death, and as willing to embrace it,
But see he arrive not at it; I will humble him,
And her stout Heart that stands on such Defiance;
And let me see her Champions that dare venture,
Her high and mighty wooers; keep your Guards close,
And as you love your Lives be diligent,
And what I charge, observe. *Omnes.* We shall be Dutiful.

Gov. I'll pull your Courage, King, and all your Bravery.

[*Exit Governor.*]

1 Moor. Most certain he is resolved, nothing can stir him;
For if he had but any part about him
Gave way to Fear or Hope, he durst not talk thus,
And do thus stoutly too, as willingly,
And quietly be sunk down to his Sorrows,
As some Men do to their Sleeps.

Keep. Yes, and sleeps with 'em;
So little he regards them, there's the wonder,
And often soundly sleeps; wou'd I durst pity him,
Or wou'd it were in my Will, but we are Servants,

And

And tied unto Command. 2 Moor. I wish him better,
But much I fear h'as found his Tomb already,
We must observe our Guards. 1 Moor. He cannot last long,
And when he is dead, he is free. Keep. That's the most cruelty,
That we must keep him living. 2 Moor. That's as he please;
For that Man that resolves, needs no Physician. [Exeunt.

Enter Armusia, Soza, and Emanuel like Merchants, arm'd underneath.

Arm. Our prosperous Passage was an Omen to us,
A lucky and a fair Omen. Omnes. We believe it.

Arm. The Sea and Wind strove who should most befriend us,
And as they favour'd our design, and lov'd us,
So lead us forth—— Where lies the Boat that brought us?

Soz. Safe lodg'd within the Reeds, close by the Castle,
That no Eye can suspect, nor Thought come near it.

Em. But where have you been, brave Sir?

Arm. I have broke the Ice, Boys,
I have begun the Game, fair Fortune guide it;
Suspectless I have travell'd all the Town through,
And in this Merchant's shape won much Acquaintance,
Survey'd each strength and place that may befriend us,
View'd all his Magazines, got perfect knowledge
Of where the Prison is, and what Power guards it.

Soz. These will be strong Attempts. Arm. Courage is strong;
What we begun with Policy, my dear Friends,
Let's end with manly force; there's no retiring,
Unless it be with Shame. Em. Shame him that hopes it.

Arm. Better a few, and clearer Fame will follow us,
However, lose or win, and speak our Memories,
Than if we led our Armies; things done thus,
And of this noble weight, will stile us Worthies.

Soz. Direct, and we have done, bring us to execute,
And if we flinch, or fail—— Arm. I am sure ye dare not.
Then farther know, and let no Ear be near us,
That may be false.

Em. Speak boldly on, we are honest;
Our Lives and Fortunes yours.

Arm. Hard by the Place then
Where all his Treasure lies, his Arms, his Women,
Close by the Prison too where he keeps the King,
I have hir'd a lodging, as a Trading Merchant,
A Cellar to that too, to store my Wares in,
The very Wall of which joins to his Store-house.

Soz. What of all this?

Arm. Ye are dull, if ye apprehend not;
Into that Cellar, elected Friends, I have convey'd,

And unsuspected too, that that will do it;
That that will make all shake, and smoak too.

Em. Ha?

Arm. My Thoughts have not been idle; nor my Practice;
The Fire I brought here with me shall do something,
Shall burst into material Flames, and bright ones,
That all the Island shall stand wondring at it,
As if they had been stricken with a Comet;
Powder is ready, and enough to work it,
The Match is left a-fire, all, all husht, and lockt close,
No Man suspecting what I am but Merchant:
An hour hence, my brave Friends, look for the fury,
The Fire to light us to our honour'd purpose,
For by that time 'twill take. *Soz.* What are our Duties?

Arm. When all are full of fear and fright, the Governor
Out of his Wits, to see the Flames so imperious,
Ready to turn to Ashes all he worships,
And all the People there to stop these Ruins,
No Man regarding any private Office;
Then flie we to the Prison suddenly,
Here's one has found the way, and dares direct us.

Em. Then to our Swords and good Hearts,
I long for it.

Arm. Certain we shall not find much Opposition,
But what is must be forced. *Soz.* 'Tis bravely cast, Sir,
And surely too, I hope. *Arm.* If the Fire fail not,
And Powder hold his Nature; some must presently
Upon the first cry of th' amazed People,
(For nothing will be markt then, but the Misery)
Be ready with the Boat upon an instant,
And then all's right and fair. *Em.* Bless us dear Fortune.

Arm. Let us be worthy of it in our Courage,
And Fortune must befriend us; come, all sever,
But keep still within sight, when the flame rises.
Let's meet, or either do, or die.

Soza. So be it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Governor, and Captain.

Gov. No Captain, for those Troops we need 'em not,
The Town is strong enough to stand their Furies;
I wou'd see them come, and offer to do something.
They are high in Words. *Capt.* 'Tis safer, Sir, than doing.

Gov. Dost think they dare Attempt?

Capt. May be by Treaty,
But sure by Force they will not prove so froward.

Gov. No Faith, I warrant thee, they know me well enough,
And

And know they have no Child in hand to play with:
They know my Nature too; I have bit some of 'em,
And to the Bones, they have reason to remember me.
It makes me laugh to think how glorious
The Fools are in their Promises, and how pregnant
Their Wits and Powers are to bring things to pass;
Am I not grown lean with loss of Sleep and Care
To prevent these Threatnings, Captain?

Capt. You look well, Sir:

Upon my Conscience you are not like to sicken
Upon any such Conceit. *Gov.* I hope I shall not:
Well, wou'd I had this Wench, for I must have her,
She must be mine; and there's another charge, Captain;
What betwixt Love and Brawling I got nothing,
All goes in Maintenance——

Hark, What was that,

[*The Train takes.*

That noise there? It went with a violence.

Capt. Some old Wall belike, Sir,
That had no neighbour help to hold it up,
Is fallen suddenly. *Gov.* I must discard these Rascals,
That are not able to maintain their Buildings,
They blur the beauty of the Town.

Within. Fire, Fire.

Gov. I hear another tune, good Captain,
It comes on fresher still, 'tis loud and fearful;
Look up into the Town, how bright the Air shews;
Upon my Life some sudden Fire.
The Bell too?

[*Exit Cap.*

[*Bell rings.*

I hear the Noise more clear.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Fire, Fire. *Gov.* Where? Where?

Cit. Suddenly taken in a Merchant's House, Sir,
Fearful and high it blazes; help, good People.

Gov. Pox o' their Paper-Houses, how they smother,
They light like Candles, how the Roar still rises?

Enter Captain.

Capt. Your Magazine's a fire, Sir, help, help suddenly,
The Castle too is in danger, in much danger,
All will be lost, get the People presently,
And all that are your Guard, and all help, all Hands, Sir,
Your Wealth, your Strength, is burnt else; the Town perisht;
The Castle now begins to flame. *Gov.* My Soul shakes.

Cap. A Merchant's House next joining? Shame light on him,
That ever such a Neighbour, such a Villain——

Gov. Raise all the Garrison, and bring 'em up.

Enter

*The Island Princess.**Enter other Citizens.*

And beat the People forward—— Oh I have lost all
 In one House, all my hopes; good worthy Citizens—
 Follow me all, and all your Powers give to me,
 I will reward you all. Oh cursed Fortune——
 The Flame's more violent; arise still, help, help, Citizens,
 Freedom and Wealth to him that helps; follow, oh follow.
 Fling Wine or any thing, I'll see't recompenc'd.
 Buckets, more Buckets; Fire, Fire, Fire. [Ex. Omnes.

Enter Armusia, and his Company.

Arm. Let it flame on, a comely light it gives us
 To our Discovery. *Soza.* Hark, what a merry Cry
 These Hounds make! Forward fairly,
 We are not seen in the Mist; we are not noted. Away,
 Away. Now if we lose our Fortune—— [Exit.

*Enter Captain and Citizens.**Cap.* Up Soldiers, up and deal like Men.*Cit.* More Water, more Water, all is consum'd else.

Cap. All's gone, unless you undertake it straight, your
 Wealth too, that must preserve, and pay your Labour bravely.
 Up, up, away. [Ex. *Cap. and Cit. Then,*

Enter Armusia and his Companions breaking open a door.

Arm. So, thou art open, keep the way clear
 Behind still. Now for the place.

Sold. 'Tis here, Sir. *Arm.* Sure this is it.
 Force open the door——A miserable Creature!
 Yet by his manly Face—— [The King discover'd.

King. Why stare ye on me?
 You cannot put on Faces to affright me:
 In Death I am a King still, and contemn ye;
 Where is that Governour? Methinks his Manhood
 Should be well pleas'd to see my Tragedy,
 And come to bath his stern Eyes in my Sorrows;
 I dare him to the fight, bring his scorns with him,
 And all his rugged Threats; here's a Throat, Soldiers;
 Come, see who can strike deepest. *Ema.* Break the Chain there.

King. What does this mean?

Arm. Come talk of no more Governors,
 He has other business, Sir, put your Legs forward,
 And gather up your Courage like a Man,
 We'll carry off your Head else; we are Friends,
 And come to give your Sorrows ease.

Soza. On bravely;
 Delays may lose again.

*Enter Guard.**Arm.* The Guard. *Soza.* Upon 'em:*Arm.*

Arm. Make speedy, and sure work. *Ema.* They fly.

Arm. Up with him and to the Boat; stand fast, now be speedy;
When this heat's past, we'll sing our History:
Away, like Thoughts, sudden as Desires, Friends;
Now sacred Chance be ours.

Soza. Pray when we have done, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter three or four Citizens severally.

1 *Cit.* What, is the Fire allaid?

2 *Cit.* 'Tis out, 'tis out,

Or past the worst, I never did so stoutly,
I'll assure you Neighbours, since I was a man:
I have been burnt at both Ends like a squib,
I liv'd two hours in the Fire, 'twas a hideous matter;
But when Men of Understanding come about it,
Men that judge of things; my Wife gave me over,
And took her leave a hundred times, I bore up still,
And tost the Buckets, Boys.

3 *Cit.* We are all meer Martins.

1 *Cit.* I heard a Voice at latter end o'th'hurry,
Or else I dreamt I heard it, that said Treason.

2 *Cit.* 'Tis like enough, it might cry Murder too, for there was
Many without a joint, but what's that to us: Let's home
And fright our Wives, for we look like Devils.

Enter three Women.

3 *Cit.* Here come some of 'em to fright us.

1 *Wom.* Mine's alive Neighbour—Oh sweet honey Husband.

2 *Cit.* Thou liest, I stink abominably, and thou hadst been
In my place, thou would'st have stunk at both ends.
Get me some drink, give me whole Tuns of Drink,
Whole Cisterns, for I have four dozen of fine Firebrands
In my Belly, I have more smoke in my Mouth, than would
Blote a hundred Herrings.

2 *Wom.* Art thou come safe again?

3 *Wom.* I pray you what became of my Man, is he in a Well?

2 *Cit.* At Heart's ease in a Well, is very well Neighbour;
We left him drinking of a new dozen of Buckets,
Thy Husband's happy, he was through roasted,
And now he's basting himself at all points:
The Clark and he are cooling their Pericraniums;
Body oh me Neighbours, there's Fire in ny Codpiece.

1 *Wom.* Bless my Husband.

(*Store-house*

2 *Cit.* Blow it out Wife—Blow, blow, the Gable end a'th'
Women. Some Water, Water, Water.

3 *Cit.* Peace, 'tis but a sparkle;

Raise not the Town again, 'twill be a great hindrance;
I'm glad 'tis out; and had ta'en in my Hayloft?

What

What frights are these, marry Heav'n bless thy modicum.

3 *Wom.* But is a drown'd outright? pray put me out of Fear Neigh-

2 *Cit.* Thou would'st have it so, but after a hundred (bour.
Fires more he'll live to see thee burnt for brewing musty Liquor.

1 *Cit.* Come let's go Neighbour.

2 *Cit.* For I would very fain turn down this Liquor;
Come, come, I fry like a burnt Mary-bone;

Women get you afore, and draw upon us;

Run Wenches, run, and let your Taps run with ye;

Run as the fire were in your Tails, cry Ale, Ale.

Wom. Away, let's nourish the poor Wretches.

2 *Cit.* We'll rally up the rest of the burnt Regiment.

Enter Governour, Captain, Soldier, and Guard.

Gov. The Fire's quench'd Captain, but the Mischief hangs still;
The King's redeem'd, and gone too; a Trick, a damn'd one:
Oh I am overtaken poorly, tamely.

Capt. Where were the Guard that waited upon the Prison?

Sol. Most of 'em slain, yet some scap'd, Sir, and they deliver,
They saw a little Boat ready to receive him,
And those redeem'd him, making such haste and Fighting;
Fighting beyond the force of Men. *Gov.* I am lost, Captain,
And all the World will laugh at this, and scorn me:

Count me a heavy sleepy Fool, a Coward,
A Coward past recovery, a confirm'd Coward,
One without Carriage, or common Sense.

Sol. He's gone, Sir,
And put to Sea amain, past our Recovery,
Not a Boat ready to pursue; if there were any
The People stand amaz'd so at their Valour,
And the sudden fright of Fire, none knows to execute.

Gov. Oh, I could tear my Limbs, and knock my Boys Brains
'Gainst every Post I meet; fool'd with a Fire?

Capt. It was a crafty Trick. *Gov.* No, I was lazy,
Confident, sluggish lazy, had I but met 'em,
And chang'd a dozen Blows, I had forgiv'n 'em;
By both these Hands held up, and by that Brightness
That gilds the World with Light, by all our Worships,
The hidden ebbs and flows of the blue Ocean,
I will not rest; no Mirth shall dwell upon me,
Wine touch my Mouth, nor any thing refresh me,
Till I be wholly quit of this Dishonour:

Make ready my *Barrato's* instantly,

And what I shall intend—— *Capt.* We are your Servants. [*Ex.*

Enter Quisara, and Ruy Dias.

Quisara. Never tell me, you never car'd to win me,
Never for my sake to attempt a Deed,

Might

Might draw me to a Thought, you sought my Favour:

If not for love of me, for love of Arms, Sir,
For that Cause you profess, for love of Honour,
Of which you stile your self the mighty Master,
You might have stept out nobly, and made an Offer,

As if you had intended something excellent,
Put on a forward Face. *Ruy.* Dear Lady, hold me——

Quisar. I hold ye, as I find ye, a faint Servant.

Ruy. By——I dare do—— *Quisar.* In a Lady's Chamber
I dare believe ye, there's no mortal Danger:

Give me the Man that dares do, to deserve that:
I thought you *Portugals* had been rare Wonders,
Men of those haughty Courages and Credits,
That all things were confin'd within your Promises,
The Lords of Fate and Fortune I believ'd ye,
But well I see I am deceiv'd, *Ruy Dias*,
And blame, too late, my much Belief.

Ruy. I am-asham'd, Lady,
I was so dull, so stupid to your Offer:
Now you have once more school'd me, I am right,
And something shall be thought on suddenly,
And put in Act as soon, some preparation?

Quisar. And give it out?

Ruy. Yes, Lady, and so great too;
In which, the Noise of all my Country-men——

Quisar. Those will do well, for they are all approv'd ones,
And though he be restor'd alive. *Ruy.* I have ye.

Quisar. For then we are both Servants. *Ruy.* I conceive ye.
Good Madam give me leave to turn my Fancies.

Quisar. Do, and make all things fit, and then I'll visit you. [*Ex.*

Ruy. My self, my Cousin, and the Garrison,
The Neighbours of the out-Isles of our Nation,
Siana's strength, for I can humour him:
And proud *Bekamus*, I shall deceive his Glory. [*A shout.*
What ringing sound of Joy is this? Whence comes it?
May be the Princes are in sport.

Enter Piniero, and Christophero.

Pin. Where are ye?

Ruy. Now *Piniero*, what's the haste you seek me?

Pin. Do you know this Sign, Sir? *Ruy.* Ha!

Pin. Do you know this Emblem?
Your Nose is boar'd. *Ruy.* Boar'd? what's that?

Pin. You're topt, Sir:
The King's come home again; the King. *Ruy.* The Devil?

Pin. Nay sure he came a God's Name home;
He's return'd, Sir. *Christ.* And all this Joy ye hear——

Ruy. Who durst attempt him?
The Princes are all here. *Christ.* They are worthy Princes,
 They are special Princes, all they love by Ounces.
 Believe it Sir, 'tis done, and done most bravely and easily.
 What Fortune have ye lost, Sir?
 What Justice have ye now unto this Lady?

Pin. How stands your Claim?
 That ever Man should be fool'd so;
 When he should do and prosper; stand protesting,
 Kissing the Hand, and fawning for a Favour,
 When he should be about his Business sweating;
 She bid you go, and pick'd you out a purpose,
 'To make your self a fortune by, a Lady, a Lady, and a lusty one,
 A lovely, that now you may go look, she pointed ye,
 Knowing you were a Man of Worth and Merit,
 And bid you fly, you have made a fair flight on't,
 You have caught a Goose.

Ruy. How dare you thus molest me? [A shout.]
 It cannot be. *Christ.* Hark how the general Joy rings!

Pin. Have you your hearing left? Is not that Drunk too?
 For if you had been sober, you had been wise sure.

Ruy. Done? Who dares do? *Pin.* It seems an honest Fellow,
 That has ended his Market before you be up.

Christ. The shame on't's a Stranger too. *Pin.* 'Tis no Shame,
 He took her at her Word, and tied the Bargain,
 Dealt like a Man indeed, stood not demurring,
 But clapt close to the Cause, as he will do to the Lady:
 'Is a Fellow of that speed and handsomness,
 He will get her with Child too, e'er you shall come to know him;
 Is it not brave, a Gentleman scarce Landed,
 Scarce eating of the Air here, not acquainted,
 No circumstance of Love depending on him,
 Nor no command to shew him, must start forth,
 At the first sight too—— *Ruy.* I am undone.

Pin. Like an Oyster:
 She neither taking view, nor value of him,
 Unto such Deeds as these—— Pox o' these,
 These wise delayings—— They make Men Cowards.
 You are undone as a Man would undo an Egg,
 A hundred shames about ye.

Enter Quisara, Panura, and Train.

Quisara. Can it be possible,
 A Stranger that I have not known, nor seen yet,
 A Man I never grac'd; O Captain, Captain,
 What shall I do? I am betray'd by Fortune,
 It cannot be, it must not be. *Pin.* It is Lady,

And by my Faith a handsome Gentleman;
'Tis his poor Scholar's Prize. *Quisar*. Must I be given
Unto a Man I never saw, ne'er spoke with,
I know not of what Nation? *Pin*. Is a *Portugal*,
And of as good a pitch, he will be giv'n to you Lady,
For he's giv'n much to handsome Flesh.

Quisar. Oh *Ruy Dias*,
This was your sloath, your sloath, your sloath, *Ruy Dias*.

Pin. You love sloath, Unkle, do you find it now?
You should have done at first, and faithfully: [*A shout*.
And then th' other had lyed ready for ye;
Ma lam, the general Joy comes.

Quisar. We must meet it—— But with what Comfort?

Enter Citizens carrying Boughs, Boys singing after 'em; Then King,
Armusia, Soza, Emanuel; the Princes and Train following.

Quisar. Oh my dear Brother, what a joy runs thro' me,
To see you safe again, your self, and mighty,
What a blest Day is this? *King*. Rise up fair Sister,
I am not welcome till you have embrac'd me.

Ruy. A general gladness, Sir, flies through the City,
And Mirth possesses all to see your Grace arrive,
Thus happily arriv'd again, and fairly;
'Twas a brave venture who so e'er put for it,
A high and noble one, worthy much Honour;
And had it fail'd, we had not fail'd, great Sir,
And in short time too, to have forc'd the Governor,
In spite of all his Threats.—— *King*. I thank ye, Gentleman.

Ruy. And all his Subtilties, to set you free,
With all his Heart and Will too. *King*. I know ye love me.

Pin. This had been good with something done before it,
Something set off to beautifie it, now it sounds empty, like
A Barber's Bason, pox there's no Metal in't, no noble Marrow.

Bakam. I have an Army, Sir, but that the Governor,
The foolish Fellow was a little provident,
And wise in letting slip no time, became him too,
That would have scour'd him else, and all his Confines;
That would have rung him such a Peal——

Pin. Yes backward,
To make Dogs houl, I know thee to a farthing,
Thy Army's good for Hawks, there's
Nothing but Sheeps Hearts in it.

Sia. I have done nothing, Sir, therefore
I think it convenient I say little what I purposed,
And what my Love intended. *King*. I like your Modesty,
And thank ye royal Friends, I know it griev'd ye
To know my Misery; but this Man, Princess,

I must thank heartily, indeed, and truly,
 For this Man saw me in it, and redeem'd me :
 He lookt upon me sinking, and then caught me :
 This Sister, this, this all Man, this all Valour,
 This pious Man. *Ruy.* My Countenance, it shames me,
 One scarce arriv'd; not harden'd yet, not read
 In dangers and great deeds, Sea-sick, not season'd——
 Oh I have boy'd my self. *King.* This noble Bulwark,
 This Launce and Honour of our Age and Kingdom;
 This that I never can reward, nor hope
 To be once worthy of the Name of Friend to,
 This, this Man from the Bowels of my Sorrows
 Has new begot my Name, and once more made me :
 Oh Sister, if there may be Thanks for this,
 Or any thing near Recompence invented.

Arm. You are too noble, Sir, there is Reward
 Above my Action too by Millions :
 A Recompence so rich and glorious,
 I durst not dream it mine, but that 'twas promised;
 But that it was propounded, sworn and sealed
 Before the Face of Heav'n, I durst not hope it,
 For nothing in the Life of Man or Merit,
 It is so truly great, can else embrace it.

King. O speak it, speak it, bless mine Ears to hear it,
 Make me a happy Man, to know it may be,
 For still methinks I am a Prisoner,
 And feel no Liberty before I find it.

Arm. Then know it is your Sister, she is mine, Sir,
 I claim her by her own word, and her Honour;
 It was her open Promise to that Man
 That durst redeem ye; Beauty set me on;
 And Fortune crowns me fair, if she receive me.

King. Receive ye, Sir---why Sister---ha---so backward,
 Stand as you knew me not? nor what he has ventured?
 My dearest Sister. *Arm.* Good Sir pardon me,
 There is a blushing Modesty becomes her,
 That holds her back; Women are nice to wooc, Sir;
 I would not have her forc'd; give her fair Liberty;
 For things compell'd and frighted, of soft Natures,
 Turn into Fears, and fly from their own wishes.

King. Look on him my *Quisara*, such another,
 Oh all ye Powers, so excellent in Nature!
 In Honour so abundant!—— *Quisara.* I confess, Sir,
 Confess my word is past too, he has purchased;
 Yet good Sir, give me leave to think; but time
 To be acquainted with his Worth and Person;

To make me fit to know it; we are both Strangers,
And how we should believe so suddenly,
Or come to fasten our Affections——

Alas, Love has his Complements. *King.* Be sudden
And certain in your way, no Woman doubles,
Nor coy delays; you are his, and so assure it,
Or cast from me and my remembrance ever;
Respect your word, I know you will; come Sister,
Let's see what welcome you can give a Prisoner,
And what fair looks a Friend—— Oh my most Noble
Princes, no Discontents, but all be lusty,
He that frowns this Day is an open Enemy:

Thus in my Arms, my dear. *Arm.* You make me blush, Sir.

King. And now lead on——

Our whole Court crown'd with Pleasure.

Ruy. Madam, despair not, something shall be done yet,
And suddenly, and wisely. *Quisar.* O *Ruy Dias.*

Pin. Well, he's a brave Fellow, and he has deserv'd her richly,
And you have had your Hands full I dare swear, Gentlemen.

Soza. We have done something, Sir, if it hit right:

Christ. The Woman has no Eyes else, nor no Honesty,
So much I think.

Pin. Come, let's go bounce amongst 'em,
To the King's Health, and my brave Country-man's.
My Uncle looks as though he were sick o'th' Worins, Friends:

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Piniero.

Mine Uncle haunts me up and down, looks melancholly,
Wondrous proof Melancholy, sometimes swears,
Then whistles, starts, cries and groans, as if he had the Bots,
As to say truth, I think h'as little better,
And wou'd fain speak; bids me good Morrow at Midnight,
And good Night when 'tis Noon; has something hovers
About his Brains, that would fain find an issue,
But cannot out, or dares not; still he follows.

Enter Ruy Dias.

How he looks still, and how he beats about,
Like an old Dog at a dead scent? I marry,
There was a Sigh wou'd a set a Ship a sailing;
These winds of love and honour, blow at all ends.
Now speak and't be thy Will: Good morrow Uncle.

Ruy.

Ruy. Good morrow, Sir. *Pin.* This is a new Salute:
Sure h'as forgot me; this is a pur-blind *Cupid*.

Ruy. My Nephew? *Pin.* Yes, Sir, if I be not chang'd.

Ruy. I wou'd fain speak with you.

Pin. I wou'd fain have ye, Sir,

For to that end I stay. *Ruy.* You know I love ye,

And I have lov'd ye long, my dear *Piniero*,

Bred and supply'd you. *Pin.* Whither walks this Preamble?

Ruy. You may remember, though I am but your Uncle,
I sure had a Father's Care, a Father's Tenderness.

Pin. Sure he would wrap me into something now suddenly,
He doubts my Nature in, for mine is honest,
He winds about me so. *Ruy.* A Father's Diligence.

My private Benefits I have forgot, Sir,

But those you might lay claim to as my Follower;

Yet some Men wou'd remember—— *Pin.* I do daily.

Ruy. The Place which I have put ye in, which is no weak one,
Next to my self you stand in all Employments,
Your Counsels, Cares, Assignments with me equal,
So is my study still to plant your Person;
These are small Testimonies I have not forgot ye,
Nor wou'd not be forgotten. *Pin.* Sure you cannot.

Ruy. Oh *Piniero*—— *Pin.* Sir, what hangs upon you,
What heavy weight oppresses ye, ye have lost
(I must confess, in those that understand ye)
Some little of your Credit, but time will cure that;
The best may slip sometimes. *Ruy.* Oh my best Nephew——

Pin. It may be ye fear her too, that disturbs ye,
That she may fall her self, or be forc'd from ye.

Ruy. She is ever true, but I undone for ever.
Oh that *Armusia*, that new thing, that Stranger,
That Flag stuck up to rob me of mine Honour;
That murd'ring Chain shot at me from my Country;
That goodly Plague that I must court to kill me.

Pin. Now it comes flowing from him, I fear'd this,
Knew, that he durst be idle, durst be ill too.
Has he not done a brave thing?

Ruy. I must confess it Nephew, must allow it,
But that brave thing has undone me, has sunk me,
Has trod me like a Name in Sand, to nothing,
Hangs betwixt hope and me, and threatens my Ruin;
And if he rise and blaze, farewell my Fortune;
And when that's set, where's thy Advancement, Cousin?
That were a Friend, that were a noble Kinsman,
That would consider these; that Man were grateful;
And he that durst do something here, durst love me.

Pin. You say true, 'tis worth Consideration,

Your

Your Reasons are of weight, and mark me Uncle,
 For I'll be sudden, and to th' purpose with you.
 Say this *Armusia* then were taken off,
 As it may easily be done,
 How stands the Woman? *Ruy.* She is mine for ever;
 For she contemns his deed and him. *Pin.* Pox on him.
 Or if the single Pox be not sufficient,
 The Hogs, the Dogs, the Devils Pox possess him:
 'Faith this *Armusia* stumbles me, 'tis a brave Fellow;
 And if he could be spared, Uncle — *Ruy.* I must perish;
 Had he set up at any rest but this,
 Done any thing but what concern'd my Credit,
 The everlasting losing of my worth —

Pin. I understand you now, who set you on too,
 I had a reasonable good Opinion of the Devil
 Till this hour; and I see he is a Knave indeed,
 An arrant, stinking Knave, for now I smell him;
 I'll see what may be done then, you shall know
 You have a Kinsman, but no Villain, Uncle,
 Nor no Betrayer of fair Fame, I scorn it;
 I love and honour Virtue; I must have
 Access unto the Lady, to know her Mind too,
 A good word from her Mouth you know may stir me;
 A Lady's look at setting on — *Ruy.* You say well,
 Here Cousin, here's a Letter ready for you,
 And you shall see how nobly she'll receive you,
 And with what dare direct. *Pin.* Farewel then Uncle,
 After I have talk'd with her, I am your Servant,
 To make ye honest if I can — else hate you.
 Pray ye no more Compliments, my Head is busie, Heav'n bless me;
 What a malicious Soul does this Man carry;
 And to what scurvy things, this Love converts us?
 What stinking things, and how sweetly they become us?
 Murther's a moral Virtue with these Lovers,
 A special piece of Divinity, I take it:
 I may be mad, or violently drunk,
 Which is a Whelp of that litter; or I may be covetous,
 And learn to murther Men's Estates, that's base too;
 Or proud, but that's a Paradise to this;
 Or envious, and sit eating of my self
 At others Fortunes; I may lie, and damnably,
 Beyond the Patience of an honest hearer;
 Cozen Cutpurses, sit i'th' Stocks for Apples.
 But when I am a Lover, Lord have mercy,
 These are poor pelting Sins, or rather Plagues,
 Love and Ambition draw the Devil's Coach.

Enter

Enter Quisana, and Panura.

How now! who are these? Oh my great Lady's followers,
Her Riddle-founders, and her Fortune-tellers.

Her Readers of her Love-lectures, her Inflamers:

These Doors I must pass through, I hope they are wide.

Good Day to your Beauties; how they take it to 'em?

As if they were fair indeed. *Quisan.* Good morrow to you, Sir.

Pin. That's the old Hen, the Brood-bird; how she busles?

How like an Inventory of Lechery she looks?

Many a good piece of Iniquity

Has past her Hands, I warrant her——I beseech you,

Is the fair Princess stirring? *Pan.* Yes, marry is she, Sir,

But somewhat private; you have a Business with her?

Pin. Yes forsooth have I; and a serious Business.

Pan. May not we know?

Pin. Yes, when you can keep Counsel.

Pan. How prettily he looks? he's a Soldier sure,
His rudeness sits so handsomely upon him.

Quisan. A good blunt Gentleman. *Pin.* Yes marry am I:
Yet for a push or two at sharp, and't please you——

Pan. My honest Friend, you know not who you speak to:
This is the Princess's Aunt. *Pin.* I like her better,

And she were her Mother (Lady) or her Grandmother,
I am not so bashful but I can Buckle with her. (teens,

Pan. Of what size is your Business? *Pin.* Of the long Six-
And will make way I warrant ye. *Pan.* How fine he talks?

Pin. Nay in troth I talk but courselly, Lady;
But I hold it comfortable for the Understanding:

How fain they wou'd draw me into Ribaldry?

These Wenches that live easily, live high,

Love these broad Discourses, as they love Possets;

These dry Delights serve for Preparatives.

Pan. Why do you look so on me? *Pin.* I am guessing

By the cast of your Face, what the Property of your Place should

For I presume you turn a Key, sweet Beauty,

And you another, Gravity, under the Princess,

And by my---I warrant ye good Places,

Comely commodious Seats.

Quisan. Prithee let him talk still,

For methinks he talks handsomely. *Pin.* And truly,

As near as my Understanding shall enable me,

You look as if you kept my Lady's Secrets;

Nay, do not laugh, for I mean honestly.

How these young things tattle, when they get a toy by th' end?

And how their Hearts go Pit-a-pat, and look for it?

Wou'd it not dance too, if it had a Fiddle?

Your Gravity I guess, to take the Petitions,

And

And hear the lingring suits in Love dispos'd,
 Their Sighs and Sorrows in their proper Place,
 You keep the Ay-me Office. *Quisan.* Prethee suffer him,
 For as I live he's a pretty Fellow;
 I love to hear sometimes what Men think of us;
 And thus deliver'd freely, 'tis no Malice:
 Proceed, good honest Man. *Pin.* I will, good Madam.
 According to Mens States and Dignities,
 Monies and Moveables, you rate their Dreams,
 And cast the Nativity of their Desires,
 If he reward well, all he thinks is prosperous:
 And if he promise Place, his Dreams are Oracles;
 Your antient practique Art too in these Discoveries,
 Who loves at such a length, who a span farther,
 And who draws home, yield you no little Profit,
 For these ye milk by Circumstance. *Quisan.* Ye are cunning:

Pin. And as they Oil ye and advance your Spindle,
 So you draw out the Lines of Love; your Doors too,
 The Doors of destiny, that Men must pass through;
 These are fair Places. *Pan.* He knows all.

Pin. Your Trap-Doors,
 To pop Fools in it, that have no Providence;
 Your little Wickets to work Wise-men, like Wiers, thro' at,
 And draw their States and Bodies into Cobwebs;
 Your Postern Doors, to catch those that are cautelous,
 And would not have the World's Eye find their Knaveries:
 Your Doors of Danger, some Men hate a Pleasure,
 Unless that may be full of Fears; your hope Doors,
 And those are fine Commodities, where Fools pay
 For every new Encouragement, a new Custom;
 You have your Doors of Honour, and of Pleasure;
 But those are for great Princes, glorious Vanities,
 That travell to be famous through Diseases;
 There be the Doors of Poverty and Death too:
 But these you do the best you can to damn up,
 For then your Gain goes out.

Quisan. This is a rare Lecture.

Pin. Read to them that understand. *Pan.* Beskrew me,
 I dare not venture on ye, ye cut too keen, Sir.

Enter Quisara

Quisan. We thank you, Sir, for your good Mirth,
 You are a good Companion.

Here comes the Princess now, attend your Business.

Quisara. Is there no Remedy, no hopes can help me?
 No Wit to set me free? Who's there ho?

Quisan. Troubled? Her looks are almost Wild:

E

What

What ails the Princess? I know nothing she wants.

Quisar. Who's that there with you?

Oh Signior *Piniero*? You are most welcome:

How does your noble Unkle? *Pin.* Sad as you are, Madam:

But he commends his Service, and this Letter.

Quisar. Go off, attend within——Fair Sir, I thank ye,

Pray be no Stranger, for indeed you are welcome;

For your own Virtues welcome. *Quisan.* We are mistaken,

This is some brave Fellow sure.

Pan. I'm sure he's a bold Fellow:

But if she hold him so, we must believe it.

[*Exit.*

Quisar. Do you know of this, fair Sir?

Pin. I guess it, Madam,

And whither it intends: I had not brought it else.

Quisar. It is a Business of no common reckoning.

Pin. The handsomer for him that goes about it;

Slight Actions are rewarded with slight Thanks:

Give me a Matter of some weight to wade in.

Quisar. And can you love your Unkle so directly,

So seriously, and so full, to undertake this?

Can there be such a Faith? *Pin.* Dare you say Ay to it,

And set me on? 'Tis no matter for my Unkle,

Or what I owe to him, dare you but wish it?

Quisar. I wou'd fain——

Pin. Have it done, say but so, Lady.

Quisar. Conceive it so.

Pin. I will, 'tis that I am bound to:

Your Will that must command me, and your Pleasure,

The fair aspects of those Eyes that must direct me:

I am no Unkle's Agent, I am mine own, Lady;

I scorn my able Youth should plough for others,

Or my Ambition serve for Pay; I aim,

Although I never hit, as high as any Man,

And the Reward I reach at, shall be equal,

And what Love spurs me on to, this desire,

Makes me forget an honest Man, a brave Man,

A valiant, and a virtuous Man, my Country-man, *Armusia,*

The delight of all the *Minions,*

This Love of you, doting upon your Beauty,

The Admiration of your Excellence,

Make me but Servant to the poorest smile,

Or the least Grace you have bestow'd on others,

And see how suddenly I'll work your safety,

And set your Thoughts at Peace; I am no Flatterer,

To promise infinitely, and out-dream dangers;

To lie a-bed, and swear Men into Feavers,

Like

Like some of your trim Suiters; when I promise,
The Light is not more constant to the World,
Than I am to my Word——She turns for Millions.

Quisar. I have not seen a braver confirm'd Courage.

Pin. For a Tun of Crowns she turns; she is a Woman,
And much I fear, a worse than I expected.
You are the Object, Lady, you are the Eye
In which all Excellence appears, all wonder,
From which all Hearts take Fire, all Hands their Valour:
And when he stands disputing, when you bid him,
Or but thinks of his Estate, Father, Mother,
Friend, Wife, and Children,
He's a Fool, and I scorn him,
And't be but to make clear his Sword, a Coward;
Men have forgot their Fealty to Beauty.
Had I the place in your Affections,
My most unworthy Unkle is fit to fall from,
Liv'd in those blessed Eyes, and read the Stories
Of everlasting Pleasures figur'd there,
I wou'd find out your Commands before you thought 'em,
And bring 'em to you done, e'er you dream't of 'em.

Quisar. I admire his Boldness,

Pin. This, or any thing;

Your Brother's Death, mine Unkle's, any Man's,
No state that stands secure, if you frown on-it.
Look on my Youth, I bring no blastings to you,
The first flower of my Strength, my Faith.

Quisar. No more, Sir;
I am too willing to believe, rest satisfied;
If you dare do for me, I shall be thankful:
You are a handsome Gentleman, a fair one,
My Servant if you please; I seal it thus, Sir.
No more, till you deserve more.

[Exit.]

Pin. I am rewarded:
This Woman's cunning, but she's bloody too;
Although she pulls her Tallons in, she's mischievous;
Form'd like the Face of Heav'n, clear and transparent;
I must pretend still, bear 'em both in hopes,
For fear some bloody Slave thrust in indeed,
Fashion'd and flesh'd, to what they wish; well Unkle,
What will become of this, and what Dishonour
Follow this fatal shaft, if shot, let Time tell;
I can but only fear, and strive to cross it.

[Exit.]

Enter Armusia, Emanueh, and Soza.

Ema. Why are you thus sad? What can grieve or vex you,
That have the Pleasures of the World, the Profits,

The Honour, and the Loves at your disposal?

Why should a Man that wants nothing, want his Quiet?

Arm. I want what Beggars are above me in, Content;
I want the Grace I have merited,

The Favour, the due Respect.

Soza. Does not the King allow it?

Arm. Yes, and all Honours else, all I can ask,
That he has Power to give; but from his Sister,
The scornful Cruelty, forgive me Beauty,
That I transgress from her that should look on me,
That should a little smile upon my Service,
And foster my Deserts for her own Faith's sake;
That should at least acknowledge me, speak to me.

Soza. And you go whining up and down for this, Sir?
Lamenting and disputing of your Grievances?
Sighing and sobbing like a sullen School-boy,
And cursing good-wife Fortune for this Favour?

Arm. What would you have me do?

Soza. Do what you should do,
What a Man would do in this case, a wise Man,
An understanding Man that knows a Woman;
Knows her and all her tricks, her scorns, and all her trifles:
Go to her, and take her in your Arms, and shake her,
Take her and toss her like a Bar.

Ema. But be sure you pitch her upon a feather-bed,
Shake her between a pair of Sheets, Sir.
There shake these sullen fits out of her, spare her not there;
There you may break her Will, and bruise no Bone, Sir.

Soza. Go to her. *Ema.* That's the way.

Soza. And tell her, and boldly,
And do not mince the matter, nor mock your self,
With being too indulgent to her Pride:
Let her hear roundly from ye, what ye are,
And what ye have deserved, and what she must be.

Ema. And be not put off like a common Fellow,
With The Princess would be private,
Or that she has taken Physick, and admits none;
I would talk to her any where.

Arm. It makes me smile.

Ema. Now you look handsomely:
Had I a Wench to win, I would so flutter her:
They love a Man that crushes 'em to Verjuice;
A Woman held at hard Meat, is your Spaniel.

Soza. Pray take our Council, Sir.

Arm. I shall do something,
But not your way, it shews too boisterous,

The Island Princess.

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For my Affections are as fair and gentle,
As her they serve.

Enter King.

Soza. The King.

King. Why how now, Friend?

Why do you rob me of the Company
I love so dearly, Sir? I have been seeking you;
For when I want you, I want all my Pleasure:
Why sad? Thus sad still, Man? I will not have it;
I must not see the Face I love thus shadowed.

Ema. And't please your Grace, methinks it ill becomes him:
A Soldier should be jovial, high and lusty.

King. He shall be so; come, come, I know your Reason,
It shall be none to cross you, ye shall have her,
Take my word, ('tis a King's word) ye shall have her,
She shall be yours or nothing, pray be merry.

Arm. Your Grace has given me cause. I shall be, Sir,
And ever your poor Servant. *King.* Me my self, Sir,
My better self. I shall find time, and suddenly,
To gratifie your Loves too, Gentlemen,
And make you know how much I stand bound to you:
Nay, 'tis not worth your thanks, no further Complement;
Will you go with me, Friend? *Arm.* I beseech your Grace,
Spare me an hour or two, I shall wait on you,
Some little private Business with my self, Sir,
For such a time. *King.* I'll hinder no Devotion,
For I know you are regular; I'll take you Gentlemen,
Because he shall have nothing to disturb him,
I shall look for your Friend. *[Exe. Manet Armusia.]*

Enter Panura.

Arm. I dare not fail, Sir:
What shall I do to make her know my Misery,
To make her sensible? This is her Woman,
I have a Toy come to me suddenly,
It may work for the best, she can but scorn me,
And lower than I am I cannot tumble,
I'll try, what e'er my Fate be——Good Even, fair one
Pan. 'Tis the brave Stranger——A good Night to you, Sir.
Now by my Lady's Hand, a goodly Gentleman!
How happy shall she be in such a Husband?
Would I were so provided too. *Arm.* Good pretty one,
Shall I keep you Company for an hour or two?
I want employment for this Evening.
I am an honest Man. *Pan.* I dare believe ye:
Or if ye were not, Sir, that's no great matter,
We take Mens Promises; wou'd ye stay with me, Sir?

Arm.

Arm. So it please you, pray let's be better acquainted,
I know you are the Princess's Gentlewoman,
And wait upon her near.

Pan. 'Tis like I do so.
Arm. And may befriend a Man, do him fair Courtesies,
If he have business your way.

Pan. I understand ye.
Arm. So kind an Office, that you may bind a Gentleman
Hereafter to be yours, and your way too,
And ye may bless the hour you did this benefit:
Sweet handsome Faces should have courteous Minds,
And ready Faculties.

Pan. Tell me your business,
Yet if I think it to be her, your self, Sir,
For I know what you are, and what we hold ye,
And in what grace ye stand, without a second,
For that but darkens, you wou'd do it better,
The Princess must be pleas'd with your Accesses;
I'm sure I should.

Arm. I want a Courtier's boldness,
And am yet but a Stranger, I would fain speak with her.

Pan. 'Tis very late, and upon her hour of sleep, Sir.
Arm. Pray ye wear this, and believe my Meaning civil,
My business of that fair Respect and Carriage;
This for our more Acquaintance.

[Gives her a Jewel.]

Pan. How close he kisses?
And how sensible the passings of his Lips are?
I must do it, and I were to be hang'd now, and I will do it:
He may do as much for me, that's all I aim at;
And come what will on't, Life or Death, I'll do it,
For ten such Kisses more, and 'twere High Treason.

Arm. I would be private with her. *Pan.* So you shall,
'Tis not worth thanks else, you must dispatch quick.

Arm. Suddenly.

Pan. And I must leave you in my Chamber, Sir;
Where you must lock your self that none may see you;
'Tis close to hers, you cannot miss the entrance,
When she comes down to Bed.

Arm. I understand ye, and once more thank ye, Lady.

Pan. Thank me but thus. *Arm.* If I fail thee——

[Exeunt.]

Enter Quisara, and Quisana.

Quisara. 'Tis late good Aunt, to Bed, I am e'en unready,
My Woman will not be long away.

Quisana. I wou'd have you a little merrier first,
Let me sit by ye, and read or discourse
Something that ye fancy, or take my Instrument.

Quisara. No, no I thank you,
I shall sleep without these; I wrong your Age, Aunt,
To make ye wait thus, pray let me entreat ye,

To morrow I'll see ye, I know you're sleepy
And Rest will be a welcome Guest; you shall not
Indeed you shall not stay; oh here's my Woman.

Enter Panura

Good Night, good Night, and good rest Aunt attend you.

Quisar. Sleep dwell upon your Eyes, and fair Dreams court ye.

Quisar. Come, where have you been, Wench? Make me unready,
I slept but ill last Night. *Pan.* You'll sleep the better
I hope to night, Madam. *Quisar.* A little Rest contents me;
Thou lovest thy Bed, *Panura.* *Pan.* I am not in Love, Lady,
Nor seldom dream of Devils, I sleep soundly. (well,

Quisar. I'll swear thou dost, thy Husband wou'd not take it so
If thou wert married, Wench. *Pan.* Let him take, Madam,
The way to waken me, I am no Dormouse,
Husbands have larum Bells, if they but ring once.

Quisar. Thou art a merry Wench *Pan.* I shall live the longer.

Quisar. Prithee fetch my Book. *Pan.* I am glad of that.

Quisar. I'll read a while before I sleep. *Pan.* I will Madam.

Quisar. And if *Ruy Dias* meet you, and be importunate,
He may come in. *Pan.* I have a better fare for you,
Now least in fight play I.

[*Exit.*

Enter Armusia, locks the Door.

Quisar. Why should I love him?

Why should I doat upon a Man deserves not,
Nor has no Will to work it? Who's there, Wench?

What are you? Or whence come you? *Arm.* Ye may know me,
I bring not such amazement, noble Lady.

Quisar. Who let you in? *Arm.* My restless Love that serves ye.

Quisar. This is an Impudence I have not heard of,
A Rudeness that becomes a Thief or Ruffian;
Nor shall my Brother's Love protect this Boldness,
You build so strongly on; my Rooms are Sanctuaries,
And with that Reverence, they that seek my Favours,
And humble Fears, shall render their Approaches.

Arm. Mine are no less. *Quisar.* I am Mistress of my self, Sir,
And will be so, I will not be thus visited:

These Fears and Dangers thrust into my Privacy.

Stand further off, I'll cry out else. *Arm.* Oh dear Lady!

Quisar. I see Dishonour in your Eyes. *Arm.* There is none:
By all that Beauty they are innocent;

Pray ye tremble not, you have no cause. *Quisar.* I'll die first;
Before you have your Will, be torn in pieces;

The little Strength I have left me to resist you,

The Gods will give me more, before I am forc'd

To that I hate, or suffer—— *Arm.* You wrong my Duty.

Quisar. So base a Violation of my Liberty?

I know you are bent unnobly; I'll take to me
The Spirit of a Man, borrow his boldness,
And force my Woman's Fears into a Madness,
And e'er you arrive at what you aim at——

Arm. Lady,

If there be in you any Woman's Pity,
And if your Fears have not proclaim'd me monstrous,
Look on me and believe me; is this Violence?
Is it to fall thus prostrate to your Beauty
A Russian's boldness? Is Humility a Rudeness?
The Grievs and Sorrows that grow here, an Impudence?
These forcings, and these Fears I bring along with me;
These impudent Abuses offer'd ye;
And thus high has your Brother's Favour blown me;
Alas dear Lady of my Life, I came not
With any purpose rough or desperate,
With any Thought that was not smooth and gentle,
As your fair Hand, with any doubt or danger;
Far be it from my Heart to fright your Quiet;
A heavy curse light on't, when I intend it.

Quisar. Now I dare hear you. *Arm.* If I had been mischievous,
As then I must be mad; or were a Monster,
If any such base Thought had harbour'd here,
Or Violence that became not Man,
You have a Thousand Bulwarks to assure you,
The holy Powers bear Shields to defend Chastity;
Your Honour, and your Virtues are such Armours;
Your clear Thoughts such Defences; if you misdoubt still,
And yet retain a fear I am not honest,
Come with impure Thoughts to this Place;
Take this, and sheath it here; be your own Safety;
Be wise, and rid your fears, and let me perish;
How willing shall I sleep to satisfy you.

Quisar. No, I believe now, you speak worthily;
What came you then for?

Arm. To complain me, Beauty,
But modestly. *Quisar.* Of what?

Arm. Of your fierce Cruelty,
For though I die, I will not blame the Doer;
Humbly to tell your Grace, ye had forgot me;
A little to have touch'd at, not accused,
For that I dare not do, your Scorns; pray Pardon me,
And be not angry that I use the Liberty
To urge that word; a little to have shew'd you
What I have been, and what done to deserve ye,
If any thing that Love commands may reach ye;

To have remembred ye, but I am unworthy,
And to that misery falls all my Fortunes,
To have told ye, and by my Life ye may believe me,
That I am honest, and will only marry
You, or your Memory; pray be not angry.

Quisar. I thank you, Sir, and let me tell you seriously
Ye have taken now the right way to befriend ye,
And to beget a fair and clear Opinion.
Yet to try your Obedience— *Arm.* I stand ready, Lady,
Without presuming to ask any thing.

Quisar. Or at this time to hope for further Favour;
Or to remember Services or Smiles;
Dangers you have past through, and rewards due to 'em;
Loves or despairs, but leaving all to me.
Quit this Place presently. *Arm.* I shall obey ye.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ruy. Ha? *Arm.* Who's this? What art thou?

Ruy. A Gentleman.

Arm. Thou art no more, I'm sure: Oh 'tis *Ruy Dias*;
How high he looks and harsh? *Ruy.* Is there not Door enough,
You take such Elbow room? *Arm.* If I take it, I'll carry it.

Ruy. Does this become you, Princess?

Arm. The Captain's jealous,
Jealous of that he never durst deserve yet;
Go freely, go, I'll give thee leave. *Ruy.* Your leave, Sir

Arm. Yes, my leave, Sir; I'll not be troubled neither,
Nor shall my Heart ake, or my Head be jealous,
No strange suspicious Thoughts reign in my Memory;
Go on, and do thy worst, I'll smile at thee;
I kiss your fair Hand first, then farewell Captain. [Exit.

Quisar. What a pure Soul inherits here? what Innocence?
Sure I was blind when I first lov'd this Fellow,
And long to live in that Fog still; how he blusters!

Ruy. Am I your Property? or those your Flatteries,
The Banquets that ye bid me to, the trust
I build my goodly hopes on? *Quisar.* Be more temperate

Ruy. Are these the shews of your respect and favour?
What did he here, what Language had he with ye?
Did ye invite? could ye stay no longer?

Is he so gracious in your Eye? *Quisar.* You are too forward.

Ruy. Why at these private hours? *Quisar.* You are too saucy,
Too impudent to task me with those Errors.

Do ye know what I am, Sir, and my Prerogative?
Though you be a thing I have call'd by th' Name of Friend,
I never taught you to dispose my Liberty;
How durst you touch mine Honour? blot my Meanings?

And

And name an Action, and of mine, but Noble?
 Thou poor unworthy thing, how have I grac'd thee?
 How have I nourisht thee and rais'd thee hourly?
 Are these the Gratitudes you bring, *Ruy Dias*?
 The Thanks? the Services? I am fairly paid;
 Was't not enough I saw thou wert a Coward,
 And shadowed thee? no noble Sparkle in thee?
 Daily provok'd thee, and still found thee Coward?
 Rais'd noble Causes for thee, Strangers started at;
 Yet still, still, still a Coward, ever Coward;
 And with those Taints, dost thou upbraid my Virtues?

Ruy. I was to-blame, Lady.

Quisar. So blindly bold to touch at my Behaviour?
 Durst thou but look amiss at my Allowance?
 If thou hadst been a brave Fellow, thou hadst had some Licence,
 Some Liberty I might have then allowed thee.
 For thy good Face, some scope to have argued with me;
 But being nothing but a sound, a shape,
 The meer sign of a Soldier—of a Lover,
 The drags and drassy part, Disgrace and Jealousie,
 I scorn thee, and contemn thee. *Ruy.* Dearest Lady,
 If I have been too free— *Quisar.* Thou hast been too foolish,
 And go on still, I'll study to forget thee,
 I would I could, and yet I pity thee. *[Exit.]*

Ruy. I am not worth it, if I were, that's Misery,
 The next Door is but Death, I must aim at it. *[Exit.]*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter King and Governor like a Moor-Priest.

King. SO far and truly you have discovered to me
 The former Currents of my Life and Fortune,
 That I am bound to acknowledge ye most holy,
 And certainly to credit your Predictions,
 Of what are yet to come. *Gov.* I am no Lier,
 'Tis strange I should, and live so near a Neighbour;
 But these are not my Ends. *King.* Pray ye sit good Father,
 Certain a reverend Man, and most religious.
Gov. Ay, that Belief's well now, and let me work then,
 I'll make ye curse Religion e'er I leave ye. I have liv'd
 A long time, Son, a mew'd up Man,
 Sequester'd by the special Hand of Heav'n
 From the World's Vanities, bid farewell to Follies,
 And shook Hands with all heats of Youth and Pleasures;

As in a Dream these twenty Years I have slumber'd,
Many a cold Moon have I, in Meditation
And searching out the hidden Wills of Heav'n,
Lain shaking under; many a burning Sun
Has fear'd my Body, and boil'd up my Blood,
Feebl'd my Knees, and stamp'd a Meagerness
Upon my figure, all to find out Knowledge,
Which I have now attain'd to, Thanks to Heav'n,
All for my Country's good too: and many a Vision,
Many a mystick Vision have I seen, Son,
And many a sight from Heav'n which has been terrible,
Wherein the Goods and Evils of these Islands
Were lively shadowed; many a charge I have had too,
Still as the time grew ripe to reveal these,
To travel and discover, now I am come, Sir,
The hour is now appointed,
My Tongue is touch'd, and now I speak.

King. Do Holy Man, I'll hear ye.

Gov. Beware these *Portugals*, I say beware 'em,
These smooth-fac'd Strangers, have an Eye upon 'em,
The cause is now the Gods, hear, and believe King.

King. I do hear, but before I give rash Credit,
Or hang too light on belief, which is a Sin, Father;
Know I have found 'em gentle, faithful, valiant,
And am in my particular bound to 'em,
I mean to some for my most strange Deliverance.

Gov. O Son, the future aims of Men, observe me,
Above their present Actions, and their Glory,
Are to be look'd at; the Stars shew many turnings.
If you could see, mark but with my Eyes, Pupil;
These Men came hither, as my Vision tells me,
Poor, weather-beaten, almost lost, starv'd, feeble,
Their Vessels like themselves, most miserable;
Made a long Suit for Traffique, and for Comfort,
To vent their Childrens Toys, cure their Diseases:
They had their sute, they landed, and to th' rate
Grew rich and powerful, suckt the fat and freedom
Of this most blessed Isle, taught her to tremble,
Witness the Castle here, the Citadel,
They have clapt upon the Neck of your *Tidore*,
This happy Town, till that she knew these Strangers, (ther.
To check her when she's jolly. *King.* They have so indeed, Fa-

Gov. Take heed, take heed, I find your fair delivery,
Though you be pleas'd to glorifie that Fortune,
And think these Strangers Gods, take heed I say,
I find it but a handsome Preparation,

A fair-fac'd Prologue to a further Mischief;
 Mark but the end, good King, the pin he shoots at
 That was the Man deliver'd ye; the Mirror,
 Your Sister is his due; what's she, your Heir, Sir?
 And what's he a-kin then to the Kingdom?
 But Heirs are not ambitious; who then suffers?
 What reverence shall the Gods have? and what Justice
 The miserable People? what shall they do?

King. He points at Truth directly. *Gov.* Think of these, Son;
 The Person, nor the manner I mislike not
 Of your Preserver, nor the whole Man together,
 Were he but season'd in the Faith we are,
 In our Devotions learn'd. *King.* You say right, Father.

Gov. To change our Worships now, and our Religion?
 To be Traitor to our God? *King.* You have well advised me,
 And I will seriously consider, Father;
 In the mean time you shall have fair access
 Unto my Sister, advise her to your purpose,
 And let me still know how the Gods determine.

Gov. I will: But my main end is to advise
 The Destruction of you all, a general Ruin,
 And when I am reveng'd, let the Gods whistle. [Exeunt.

Enter Ruy Dias and Piniero.

Ruy. Indeed, I am right glad ye were not ticked,
 And sudden in performing what I will'd you,
 Upon the Person of *Armusia*;
 I was afraid, for I well knew your Valour,
 And Love to me. *Pin.* 'Twas not a fair thing, Uncle,
 It shew'd not handsome, carried no Man in it.

Ruy. I must confess 'twas ill, and I abhor it;
 Only this Good has risen from this Evil;
 I have tried your Honesty, and find it Proof,
 A Constancy that will not be corrupted,
 And I much honour it. *Pin.* This Bell sounds better.

Ruy. My Anger now, and that Disgrace I have suffer'd,
 Shall be more manly vented, and wip'd off,
 And my sick Honour cur'd the right and straight way;
 My Sword's in my Hand now Nephew, my cause upon it,
 And Man to Man, one Valour to another,
 My hope to his. *Pin.* Why, this is like *Ruy Dias*;
 This carries something of some substance in it;
 Some Mettle and some Man, this sounds a Gentleman;
 And now methinks ye utter what becomes ye;
 To kill Men scurvily, 'tis such a Dog-trick,
 Such a Rat-catcher's Occupation—

Ruy. It is no better,

But *Piniero*, now—— *Pin.* Now you do bravely.

Ruy. The difference of our States flung by, forgotten,
The full Opinion I have won in Service,
And such Respects that may not shew us equal,
Laid handsomely aside, only our Fortunes,
And single Manhoods—— *Pin.* In a Service, Sir,
Of this most noble Nature, all I am,
If I had ten Lives more, those and my Fortunes
Are ready for ye. I had thought ye had forsworn fighting,
Or banish'd those brave Thoughts were wont to wait upon you,
I am glad to see 'em call'd home again.

Ruy. They are Nephew,
And thou shalt see what Fire they carry in them,
Here, you guess what this means. [*Shews a Challenge.*]

Pin. Yes very well, Sir.

A portion of Scripture that puzzles many an Interpreter.

Ruy. As soon as you can find him——

Pin. That will not be long Uncle,
And o' my Conscience he'll be ready as quickly:

Ruy. I make no doubt good Nephew, carry it so
If you can possible, that we may fight.

Pin. Nay you shall fight, assure your self.

Ruy. Pray ye hear me,
In some such Place where it may be possible
The Princess may behold us. *Pin.* I conceive ye,
Upon the Sand behind the Castle, Sir,
A place remote enough, and there be Windows
Out of her Lodgings too, or I am mistaken.

Ruy. Y'are i'th' right, if ye can work that handsomely——

Pin. Let me alone, and pray be you prepar'd
Some three Hours hence. *Ruy.* I will not fail.

Pin. Get you home,
And if you have any things to dispose of,
Or a few light Prayers
That may befriend you, run 'em over quickly,
I warrant, I'll bring him on. *Ruy.* Farewel Nephew,
And when we meet again—— *Pin.* Ay, ay, fight handsomely;
Take a good draught or two of Wine to settle ye,
'Tis an excellent Armour for an ill Conscience, Unkle;
I am glad to see this Man's Conversion,
I was afraid fair Honour had been Bed-rid,
Or beaten out o'th' Island, Soldiers, and good ones,
Intended such base Courses: he will fight now,
And I believe too bravely; I have seen him
Curry a Fellow's Carkass handsomely;
And in the Head of a Troop, stand as if he had been rooted there,
Dealing

Dealing large Doles of Death; what a Rascal was I
I did not see his Will drawn? What does she here?

Enter Quisara.

If there be any Mischief towards, a Woman makes one still;
Now what new business is for me? *Quisara.* I was sending for ye,

But since we have met so fair, you have sav'd that labour;

I must intreat you, Sir----- *Pin.* Any thing, Madam,

Your Wills are my Commands. *Pin.* You're nobly courteous;

Upon my better Thoughts, Signior *Piniero*,

And my more peaceable Considerations,

Which now I find the richer Ornaments,

I would desire you to attempt no farther

Against the Person of the noble Stranger;

In truth I am asham'd of my share in't;

Nor be incited farther by your Uncle,

I see it will sit ill upon your Person;

I have consider'd, and it will shew ugly,

Carried at best a most unheard of cruelty;

Good Sir, desist----- *Pin.* You speak now like a Woman,

And wondrous well this Tendernefs becomes ye;

But this you must remember-----your Command

Was laid on with a Kiss, and seriously

It must be taken off the same way, Madam,

Or I stand bound still. *Quisara.* That shall not endanger ye,

Look ye fair Sir, thus I take off that Duty. (now

Pin. By th' Mass 'twas soft and sweet, some Bloods would bound

And run a tilt; do not you think, bright Beauty,

You have done me, in this Kiss, a mighty Favour,

And that I stand bound by virtue of this Honour,

To do whatever you command me? *Quisara.* I think, Sir,

From me these are unusual Courtesies,

And ought to be respected so; there are some,

And Men of no mean Rank, would hold themselves

Not poorly blest to taste of such a Bounty.

Pin. I know there are that would do many unjust things

For such a Kiss, and yet I hold this modest;

All Villanies, Body and Soul dispense with,

For such a Provocation, kill their Kindred,

Demolish the fair credit of their Parents;

Those Kisses I am not acquainted with, most certain Madam,

The appurtenance of this Kiss wou'd not provoke me

To do a mischief, 'tis the Devil's own Dance

To be kiss'd into Cruelty.

Quisara. I am glad you make that use, Sir. *Pin.* I am gladder

That you made me believe you were cruel;

For by this Hand, I know I am so honest,

How-

However I deceiv'd ye, 'twas high time too,
Some common Slave might have been set upon it else;
That willingly I would not kill a Dog
That could but fetch and carry for a Woman,
She must be a good Woman made me kick him,
And that will be hard to find, to kill a Man,
If you will give me leave to get another,
Or any she that plaid the best Game at it,
And 'fore a Woman's Anger, prefer her Fancy.

Quisar. I take it in you well. *Pin.* I thank ye Lady,
And I shall study to confirm it. *Quisar.* Do Sir,
For this Time, and this present Cause, I allow it.
Most holy, Sir.

Enter Governor, Quisana, and Panura.

Gov. Bless ye my Royal Daughter,
And in you, bless this Island Heav'n. *Quisar.* Good Aunt,
What think ye of this Man? *Quisan.* Sure he's a wise Man,
And a Religious, he tells us things have happened
So many years ago, almost forgotten,
As readily as if they were done this hour.

Quisar. Does he not meet with your sharp Tongue?

Pan. He tells me, Madam,
Marriage and mouldy Cheese will make me tamer.

Gov. A stubborn Keeper, and worse Fare,
An open Stable, and cold Care,
Will tame a Jade, may be your Share.

Pan. Bir Lady, a sharp Prophet, when this proves good,
I'll bequeath you a Skin to make ye a Hood. (Sir.

Gov. Lady, I would talk with you. *Quisar.* Do, Reverend

Gov. And for your good, for that that must concern ye,
And give Ear wisely to me. *Quisar.* I shall, Father.

Gov. You are a Princess of that Excellence,
Sweetness, and Grace, that Angel-like fair Feature,
Nay, do not blush, I do not flatter you,
Nor do I dote in telling this; I am amazed Lady,
And as I think the Gods bestow'd these on ye,
The Gods that love ye. *Quisar.* I confess their Bounty.

Gov. Apply it then to their Use, to their Honour,
To them, and to their Service give this Sweetness;
They have an instant great use of your Goodness;
You are a Saint esteem'd here for your Beauty,
And many a longing Heart——— *Quisar.* I seek no Fealty,
Nor will I blemish that Heav'n has seal'd on me,
I know my worth; indeed the *Portugals*
I have at those Commands, and their last Services,
Nay even their Lives; so much I think my Handsomeness,

That

That what I shall enjoin—— Gov. Use it discreetly.
 For I perceive ye understand me rightly,
 For here the Gods regard your help, and suddenly;
 The *Portugals* like sharp Thorns (mark me, Lady)
 Stick in our Sides, like Razors, wound Religion,
 Draw deep, they wound, till the Life-blood follows,
 Our Gods they spurn at, and their Worships scorn,
 A mighty hand they bear upon our Government,
 These are the Men your Miracle must work on,
 Your Heav'nly Form, either to root them out,
 Which as you may endeavour, will be easie,
 Remember whose great Cause you have to execute,
 To nip their Memory, that may not spring more,
 Or fairly bring 'em home to our Devotions,
 Which will be blessed, and for which you Sainted,
 But cannot be, and they go; let me baffle.

Quisar. Go up with me,
 Where we'll converse more privately;
 I'll shew ye shortly how I hold their Temper;
 And in what Chain their Souls. Gov. Keep fast that hold still,
 And either bring that Chain, and those bound in it,
 And link it to our Gods, and their fair Worships;
 Or Daughter, pinch their Hearts apieces with it.
 I'll wait upon your Grace. *Quisar.* Come, Reverend Father.
 Wait you below. [Ex. *Quisar.* and Gov.]

Pan. If this Prophet were a young thing,
 I should suspect him now, he cleaves so close to her;
 These holy Coats are long, and hide Iniquities.

Quisan. Away, away Fool, a poor Wretch.

Pan. These poor ones,
 Warm but their Stomachs once——

Quisan. Come in, thou art foolish. [Ex. *Quisana* and *Panura.*

Enter Armusia, Emanuel, and Piniero

Arm. I am sorry, Sir, my Fortune is so stubborn,
 To court my Sword against my Countryman,
 I love my Nation well, and where I find
 A *Portugal* of noble Name and Virtue,
 I am his humble Servant: Signior *Piniero*,
 Your Person, nor your Uncle's, am I angry with,
 You are both fair Gentlemen in my Opinion,
 And I protest, I had rather use my Sword
 In your Defences, than against your Safeties;
 'Tis methinks a strange dearth of Enemies,
 When we seek Foes among our selves. *Ema.* You are injured,
 And You must make the best on't now, and readiest——

Arm. You see I am ready in the place, and arm'd——

To his desire that call'd me. *Pin.* Ye speak honestly,
And I could wish ye had met on terms more friendly,
But it cannot now be so.

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ema. Turn Sir, and see.

Pin. I have kept my word with ye Uncle,
The Gentleman is ready.

Enter Governour and Quisara above.

Arm. Ye are welcome.

Ruy. Bid those Fools welcome that affect your courtesie,
I come not to use Compliment; ye have wrong'd me,
And ye shall feel, proud Man, e'er I part from ye,
The effects of that, if Fortune do not fool me;
Thy Life is mine, and no hope shall redeem thee.

Arm. That's a proud Word, more than your Faith can justify.

Quisara. Sure they will fight. *Ruy.* She's there, I am happy!

Gov. Let 'em alone, let 'em kill one another,
These are the main Posts, if they fall, the Buildings
Will tumble quickly. *Quisara.* How temperate *Armusia*?
No more, be quiet yet. *Arm.* I am not bloody,
Nor do not feel such mortal Malice in me,
But since we cannot both enjoy the Princess,
I am resolv'd to fight. *Ruy.* Fight home *Armusia*,
For if thou faint'st, or fall'st — *Arm.* Do ye make all vantages?

Ruy. Always, unto thy Life I will not spare thee,
Nor look not for thy Mercy. *Arm.* I am arm'd then.

Ruy. Stand still I charge ye Nephew, as ye honour me.

Arm. And good *Emanuel* stir not — *Pin.* Ye speak fitly,
For we had not stood idle else. *Gov.* I am sorry for't.

Ema. But since you will have it so —

Ruy. Come, Sir. *Arm.* I wait ye.

Pin. Ay marry, this looks handsomely,
This is warm work.

Gov. Both fall and't be thy Will. [*Ruy falls.*

Pin. My Uncle dead? *Ema.* Stand still, or my Sword's in —

Arm. Now brave *Ruy Dias*,

Now where's your Confidence, your Prayers? Quickly,
Your own Spite has condemn'd ye. *Quisara.* Hold, *Armusia*.

Arm. Most happy Lady. *Quisara.* Hold, and let him rise,
Spare him for me. *Arm.* A long Life may he enjoy, Lady.

Gov. What ha' you done? 'Tis better they had all perisht.

Quisara. Peace Father, I work for the best; *Armusia*,
Be in the Garden an hour hence. [*Ex. Qui. and Gov.*

Arm. I shall, Madam.

Pin. Now as I live, a Gentleman at all Inches,
So brave a mingled Temper saw I never.

Arm. Why are ye so sad, Sir? How would this have griev'd you,
If ye had fall'n under a profest Enemy?
Under one had taken vantage of your Shame too?
Pray ye be at peace, I am so far from wronging ye,
Or glorying in the pride of such a Victory,
That I desire to serve ye, pray look cheafully. (*Gentleman,*

Pin. Do you hear this, Sir? This love, Sir? Do you see this
How he courts ye? Why do you hold your Head down?
'Tis no High Treason, I take it, to be equall'd;
To have a slip i' th' Field, no Sin that's mortal;
Come, come, thank Fortune and your Friend.

Arm. It may be
You think my Tongue may prove your Enemy,
And though restrain'd, sometimes out of a bravery
May take a Licence to disable ye:
Believe me Sir, so much I hate that liberty,
'That in a Stranger's Tongue 'twill prove an injury,
And I shall right you in't. *Pin.* Can you have more, Unkle?

Ruy. Sir, you have beat me both ways, yet so nobly,
That I shall ever love the Hand that did it:
Fortune may make me worthy of some Title
That may be near your Friend. *Arm.* Sir, I must leave ye,
But with so hearty Love; and pray be confident,
I carry nothing from this place shall wrong ye. [*Ex. Arm. and Ema.*

Pin. Come, come, you are right again, Sir, love your Honour,
And love your Friend, take heed of bloody Purposes,
And unjust Ends, good Heav'n is angry with ye;
Make your fair Virtues and your Fame your Mistress,
And let these Trinkets go. *Ruy.* You teach well, Nephew;
Now to be honourably even with this Gentleman,
Shall be my Business, and my Ends his.

Enter Governour, and King.

Gov. Sir, Sir, you must do something suddenly,
To stop his Pride so great and high, he is shot up;
Upon his Person too, your state is sunk else:
You must not stand now upon terms of Gratitude,
And let a simple tenderness besot ye:
I'll bring ye suddenly where you shall see him
Attempting your brave Sister privately,
Mark but his high behaviour then. *King.* I will Father and Nephew.

Gov. And with scorn, I fear contempt too. *King.* I hope not.

Gov. I will not name a Lust; it may be that also;
A little force must be applied upon him,
Now, now applied, a little force to humble him,
These sweet Intreaties do but make him wanton. [*safety,*

King. Take heed ye wrong him not. *Gov.* Take heed to your

The Island Princess.

I but forewarn ye King; if you mistrust me,
Or think I come un-sent—— *King.* No I'll go with you. [*Ex.*]

Enter Armusia, and Quisara.

Arm. Madam, you see there's nothing I can reach at,
Either in my Obedience, or my Service,
That may deserve your Love, or win a liking,
But a poor Thought, but I pursue it sciously,
Take pleasure in your Will, even in your Anger,
Which other Men would grudge at and grow stormy;
I study new Humility to please ye,
And take a kind of joy in my afflictions,
Because they come from ye, I love my Sorrows:
Pray Madam, but consider—— *Quisar.* Yes, I do Sir,
And to that honest end I drew ye hither;
I know ye have deserv'd as much as Man can,
And know it is a justice to requite you:
I know ye love. *Arm.* If ever Love was mortal,
And dwelt in Man, and for that Love command me,
So strong I find it, and so true here, Lady,
Something of such a Greatness to allow me,
Those things I have done already, may seem foils to:
'Tis Equity that Man aspires to Heav'n,
Should win it by his worth, and not sleep to it.

Enter Governour, and King.

Gov. Now stand close King and hear, and as you find him,
Believe me right, or let Religion suffer.

Quisar. I dare believe your Worth without additions;
But since you are so liberal of your Love, Sir,
And wou'd be farther tried, I do intend it,
Because you shall not, or you wou'd not win me
At such an easie rate. *Arm.* I am prepared still,

And if I shrink—— *Quisar.* I know ye are no Coward,
This is the utmost trial of your Constancy,
And if you stand fast now, I am yours, your Wife, Sir;
You hold there's nothing dear that may atchieve me,
Doubted or dangerous. *Arm.* There's nothing, nothing:
Let me but know, that I may straight flie to it.

Quisar. I'll tell you then, change your Religion,
And be of one belief with me. *Arm.* How? *Quisar.* Mark,
Worship our Gods, renounce that Faith ye are bred in;
'Tis easily done, I'll teach ye suddenly;
And humbly on your knees—— *Arm.* Ha? I'll be hang'd first.

Quisar. Offer as we do. *Arm.* To the Devil, Lady?
Offer to him I hate? I know the Devil.
To Dogs and Cats? you make offer to them,
To every Bird that flies, and every Worm.

How terribly I shake? Is this the Venture?
The Trial that you talk'd of? Where have I been?
And how forgot my self? how lost my Memory?
When did I pray, or look up stedfastly?

Had any Goodness in my Heart to guide me?
That I should give this vantage to mine Enemy,
The Enemy to my Peace? forsake my Faith?

Quisar. Come, come, I know ye love me.

Arm. Love ye this way?

This most destroying way? sure you but jest, Lady.

Quisar. My Love and Life are one way.

Arm. Love alone then; and mine another way.

I'll love Diseases first;

Doat on a Villain that would cut my Throat,

Wooe all Afflictions of all sorts, kiss Cruelty.

Have Mercy Heav'n, how have I been wand'ring?

Wand'ring the way of Lust, and left my Maker?

How have I slept like Cork upon a Water,

And had no feeling of the Storm that tost me?

Trode the blind Paths of Death? forsook Assurance,

Eternity or Blessedness, for a Woman?

For a young handsome Face, hazard my Being?

Quisar. Are not our Powers Eternal, so their Comforts?

As great and full of hopes as yours? *Arm.* They are Puppets.

Gov. Now mark him, and but observe him nearly.

Arm. Their Comforts like themselves, cold, senseless Outfides;

You make 'em sick, as we are, Peevish, Mad,

Subject to Age; and how can they cure us,

That are not able to refine themselves?

Quisar. The Sun and Moon we worship, those are heavenly,

And their bright Influences we believe. *Arm.* Away Fool,

I adore the Maker of that Sun and Moon,

That gives those Bodies light and influence,

That pointed out their Paths; and taught their Motions;

They are not so great as we, they are our Servants;

Plac'd there to teach us Time, to give us Knowledge,

Of when and how the swellings of the Main are,

And their returns again; they are but our Stewards

To make the Earth fat, with their influence,

That she may bring forth her increase, and feed us.

Shall I fall from this Faith to please a Woman?

For her Embraces bring my Soul to Ruin?

I look'd you should have said, Make me a Christian,

Work that great Cure, for 'tis a great one, Woman;

That labour truly to perform, that venture,

The crown of all great Trial, and the fairest;

I look'd ye should have wept and kneel'd to beg it,
Washt off your mist of Ignorance, with Waters
Pure and repentant, from those Eyes; I look'd
You should have brought me your chief God ye worship,
He that you offer human Blood and Life to,
And made a Sacrifice of him to Memory,
Beat down his Altars, ruin'd his false Temples.

Gov. Now you may see.

Quisar. Take heed, you go too far, Sir,
And yet I love to hear him, I must have ye,
And to that end I let you storm a little;
I know there must be some strife in your Bosom
To cool and quiet ye, e'er you can come back;
I know old Friends cannot part suddenly,
There will be some lett still, yet I must have ye,
Have ye of my Faith too, and so enjoy ye.

Arm. Now I contemn ye, and I hate my self
For looking on that Face lasciviously,
And it looks ugly now methinks.

Quisar. How, Portugal?

Arm. It looks like Death it self, to which 'twould lead me;
Your Eyes resemble pale Despair, they fright me,
And in their rounds, a thousand horrid Ruins,
Methinks I see; and in your Tongue hear fearfully
The hideous Murmurs of weak Souls have suffer'd;
Get from me, I despise ye, and know Woman,
That for all this Trap you have laid to catch my Life in,
To catch my immortal Life, I hate and curse ye,
Contemn your Deities, spurn at their Powers,
And where I meet your *Mahomet* Gods, I'll swinge 'em
Thus o'er my Head, and kick 'em into Puddles,
Nay, I will out of Vengeance search your Temples,
And with those Hearts that serve my God, demolish
Your shambles of wild Worships.

Gov. Now, now you hear, Sir.

Arm. I will have my Faith, since you are so crafty,
The glorious Cross, although I love your Brother;
Let him frown too, I will have my Devotion,
And let your whole State storm.

King. Enter and take him;
I am sorry, Friend, that I am fore'd to do this.

Gov. Be sure you bind him fast. *Quisar.* But use him nobly.

King. Had it to me been done, I had forgiven it,
And still preserv'd you fair; but to our Gods, Sir—

Quisar. Methinks I hate 'em now. *King.* To our Religion,
To these to be thus stubborn, thus rebellious,
To threaten them. *Arm.* Use all your Violence,
I ask no Mercy, nor repent my Words;
Up at your best Powers; I serve one

Will give me strength to scourge your Gods and blood by I look I
 Gov. Away with him! *Arm.* To grind 'em into base Dust, and disperse 'em,
 That never more their bloody Memories—
 Gov. Clap him close up.
 King. Good Friend, be cooler. *Arm.* Never; and a curse be
 Your painted Sister I despise too. *King.* Softly! A said now be
 Arm. And all her devilish Arts laugh and scorn at, now
 Mock her blind purposes. *King.* You must be temperate,
 Offer him no Violence, I command you strictly.
 Gov. Now thou art up, I shall have time to speak too.
 Quisar. Oh how I love this Man, how truly honour him. *Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Christophero and Pedro, at one Door, Emanuel and Soza, at another.

Christ. DO you know the News, Gentlemen?
Ema. Wou'd we knew as well, Sir,
 How to prevent it. *Soza.* Is this the Love they bear us,
 For our late Benefit? taken so maliciously,
 And clapt up close? Is that the Thanks they render?
Christ. It must not be put up thus, smother'd slightly,
 'Tis such a base unnatural wrong! *Ped.* I know,
 They may think to do Wonders, aim at all,
 And to blow us with a Vengeance, out o'th' Islands;
 But if we be our selves, honest and resolute,
 And continue but Masters of our antient Courages,
 Stick close, and give no vantage to their Villanies—
Soza. Nay, if we faint or fall apieces now,
 We are Fools, and worthy to be markt for Misery.
 Begin to strike at him, they are all bound to
 To cancel his Deserts? What must we look for,
 If they carry this? *Ema.* I'll carry Coals then;
 I have but one Life, and one Fortune, Gentlemen,
 But I'll so husband it to vex these Rascals,
 These barbarous Slaves. *Christ.* Shall we go charge 'em presently?
Soza. No, that will be too weak, and too Fool-hardy,
 We must have Grounds that promise Safety, Friends,
 And sure Offence, we lose our Angers else,
 And worse than that, venture our Lives too lightly.
Enter Pinero.
Pin. Did you see mine Unkle? Plague o' these Barbarians, how

How the Rogues stick in my Teeth, I know ye are angry,
So I am too, monstrous angry, Gentlemen,
I am angry, that I choak again.
You hear *Armusia's* up, honest *Armusia*,
Clapt up in Prison, Friends, the brave *Armusia*;
Here are fine Boys. *Ema*. We hope he shall not stay there.

Pin. Stay, no, he must not stay, no talk of staying,
These are no Times to stay; are not these Rascals?
Speak, I beseech ye speak, are they not Rogues?
Think some abominable Names —— are they not Devils?
But the Devil's a great deal too good for 'em —— fustly Villains.

Christ. They are a kind of Hounds.

Pin. Hounds were their Fathers;
Old Blear-ey'd bob-tail'd Hounds —— Lord, where's my Unkle?
Soza. But what shall be done, Sir?

Pin. Done? *Soz*. Yes, to relieve him?
If it be not sudden they may take his Life too.

Pin. They dare as soon take Fire and swallow it,
Take Stakes and thrust into their Tails for Glisters:
His Life, why 'tis a thing worth all the Islands,
And they know will be rated at that value;
His very Imprisonment will make the Town stink,
And shake and stink, I have Physick in my Hand for 'em,
Shall give the Goblins such a Purge ——

Enter Ruy Dias.

Ped. Your Unkle.

Ruy. I hear strange News, and have been seeking ye;
They say *Armusia's* Prisoner. *Pin*. 'Tis most certain.

Ruy. Upon what cause? *Pin*. He has deserv'd too much, Sir;
The old Heathen Policy has light upon him,
And paid him home. *Ruy*. A most un noble dealing.

Pin. You are the next, if you can carry it tamely,
He has deserv'd of all. *Ruy*. I must confess it,

Of me so nobly too. *Pin*. I am glad to hear it,
You have a time now to make good your Confession,
Your Faith will shew but cold else, and for Fashion,
Now to redeem all, now to thank his Courtesie,

Now to make those believe that held you backward,
And an ill Instrument, you are a Gentleman,
An honest Man, and you dare love your Nations,
Dare stick to Virtue, though she be oppress'd,
And for her own fair sake, step to her rescue:

If you live Ages, Sir, and lose this Hour,
Not now redeem and vindicate your Honour,
Your life will be a Murmur, and no Man in't.

Ruy. I thank ye Nephew, come along with me Gentlemen,
We'll make 'em dancing sport immediately: We

We are Masters of the Fort yet, we shall see
 What that can do. *Pin.* Let it but spit Fire finely,
 And play their Turrets, and their painted Palaces,
 A frisking round or two, that they may trip it,
 And caper in the Air. *Ruy.* Come, we'll do something
 Shall make 'em look about, we'll send 'em Plums,
 If they be not too hard for their Teeth.

Pin. And fine Potatoes
 Roasted in Gunpowder, such a Banquet, Sir,
 Will prepare their unmannerly Stomachs.

Ruy. They shall see
 There is no safe Retreat in Villany;
 Come, be high-hearted all. *Omnes.* We are all on Fire, Sir. [*Exe.*

Enter King and Governor.

King. I am ungrateful, and a Wretch, persuade me not,
 Forgetful of the Mercy he shew'd me,
 The timely noble Pity — Why should I
 See him fast bound and fetter'd, whose true Courtesie,
 Whose Manhood, and whose mighty Hand set me free?
 Why should it come from me? why I command this?
 Shall not all Tongues and Truths call me unthankful?

Gov. Had the Offence been thrown on you, 'tis certain
 It had been in your Power, and your Discretion
 To have turn'd it into Mercy, and forgiven it,
 And then it had shew'd a virtuous point of Gratitude,
 Timely, and nobly taken; but since the cause
 Concerns the Honour of our Gods, and their Title,
 And so transcends your Power, and your Compassion,
 A little your own Safety, if you saw it too,
 If your too fond Indulgence did not dazle you,
 It cannot now admit a private Pity;
 'Tis in their Wills, their Mercies, or Revenges,
 And these Revolts in you, shew mere Rebellions.

King. They are mild and pitiful. *Gov.* To those repent.

King. Their Nature's soft and tender. *Gov.* To true Hearts,
 That feel Compunction for their Trespasses;
 This Man defies 'em still; threatens Destruction
 And Demolition of their Arms and Worship,
 Spits at their Powers; take heed ye be not found, Sir,
 And mark'd a Favourer of their Dishonour;
 They use no common Justice. *King.* What shall I do
 To deserve of this Man — *Gov.* If ye more bemoan him,
 Or mitigate your Power to preserve him,
 I'll curse ye from the Gods, call up their Vengeance,

Enter Quisara with her Hands bound, Quisana and Panura.
 And fling it on your Land and you, I have charge.

I hope to wrack you all. *King.* What ails my Sister?

Why is she bound? why looks she so distractedly?

Who does do this? *Quisar.* We did it, pardon Sir,

And for her Preservation — She is grown wild,

And raving on the Stranger's Love and Honour,

Sometimes crying out Help, help, they will torture him,

They will take his Life, they will murder him presently.

If we had not prevented violently

Have laid Hands on her own Life. *Gov.* These are Tokens

The Gods Displeasure is gone out, be quick,

And e'er it fall, do something to appease 'em.

You know the Sacrifice — I am glad it works thus.

Quisar. How low and base thou look'st now, that wert noble?

No figure of a King, methinks, shews on you.

No Face of Majesty; foul, swarth Ingratitude

Has taken off thy Sweetness, base Forgetfulness

Of mighty Benefits, has turned thee Devil:

Thou hast persecuted Goodness, Innocence,

And laid a hard and violent Hand on Virtue,

On that fair Virtue that should teach and guide us;

Thou hast wrong'd thine own Preserver, whose least Merit,

Pois'd with thy main Estate, thou canst not satisfy,

Nay, put thy Life in too, 'twill be too light still:

What hast thou done? *Gov.* Go for him presently,

And once more we'll try if we can win him fairly;

If not, let nothing she says hinder ye, or stir ye;

She speaks distractedly — Do that the Gods command ye,

Do you know what ye say, Lady? *Quisar.* I could curse thee too,

Religion and Severity has steel'd thee,

Has turn'd thy Heart to Stone; thou hast made the Gods hard

Against their sweet and patient Natures, cruel;

None of ye feel what Bravery ye tread on?

What Innocence? what Beauty? *King.* Pray be patient.

Quisar. What honourable things ye cast behind?

What Monuments of Man?

Enter Armusia and Guard.

King. Once more, *Armusia,*

Because I love ye tenderly and dearly,

And would be glad to win ye mine, I wish ye,

Even from my Heart I wish and wooe ye — *Arm.* What Sir,

Take heed how ye perswade me falsely, then ye hate me:

Take heed how ye intrap me. *King.* I advise ye,

And tenderly and truly I advise ye,

Both for your Soul's Health, and your Safety.

Arm. Stay,

And name my Soul no more, she is too precious,

Too glorious for your Flatteries, too secure too.

Gov. Consider the Reward, Sir, and the Honour
That is prepared, the Glory you shall grow to.

Arm. They are not to be consider'd in these Cases,
Not to be nam'd when Souls are question'd;
They are vain and flying Vapours——Touch my Life,
'Tis ready for ye, put it to what Test

It shall please ye, I am patient; but for the rest,
You may remove Rocks with your little Fingers,
Or blow a Mountain out o'th' way, with bellows,
As soon as stir my Faith; use no more Arguments.

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Gov. We must use Tortures then. *Arm.* Your worst and pain-
I am joyful to accept. *Gov.* You must the sharpest,
For such has been your hate against our Deities
Delivered openly, your threats and scornings;
And either your Repentance must be mighty,
Which is your free Conversion to our Customs,
Or equal Punishment, which is your Life, Sir.

Arm. I am glad I have it for ye, take it Priest,
And all the Miseries that shall attend it:
Let the Gods glut themselves with Christian Blood,
It will be ask'd again, and so far followed,
So far reveng'd, and with such holy Justice,
Your Gods of Gold shall melt and sink before it;
Your Altars and your Temples shake to nothing;
And you false Worshipers, blind Fools of Ceremony,
Shall seek for holes to hide your Heads and Fears in,
For Seas to swallow you from this Destruction,
Darkness to dwell about ye, and conceal ye,

Your Mother's Womb again——*Gov.* Make the Fires ready,
And bring the several Tortures out. *Quisar.* Stand fast, Sir,

And fear 'em not; you that have stept so nobly
Into this pious Trial, start not now,

Keep on your way, a Virgin will assist ye,
A Virgin won by your fair Constancy,
And glorying that she is won so, will die by ye:

I have touch'd ye every way, tried ye most honest,
Perfect, and good, chaste, blushing chaste, and temperate,
Valiant, without Vain-glory, modest, stay'd,
No Rage or light Affection ruling in you;

Indeed, the perfect School of Worth I find ye,

The Temple of true Honour. *Arm.* Whither will she?

What do you infer by this fair Argument, Lady?

Quisar. Your Faith, and your Religion must be like ye;
They that can shew you these, must be pure Mirrors;
When the Streams flow clear and fair, what are the Fountains?

I do embrace your Faith, Sir, and your Fortune;
Go on, I will assist ye, I feel a Sparkle here,
A lively spark that kindles my Affection,
And tells me it will rise to Flames of Glory:
Let 'em put on their Angers, suffer nobly,
Shew me the way, and when I faint, instruct me;
And if I follow not—— *Arm.* Oh blessed Lady,
Since thou art won, let me begin my Triumph,
Come clap your Terrors on. *Quisar.* All your fell Tortures.
For there is nothing he shall suffer, Brother,
I swear by a new Faith, which is most sacred,
And I will keep it so, but I will follow in,
And follow to a scruple of Affliction,
In spite of all your Gods without Prevention.

Gov. Death! she amazes me. *King.* What shall be done now?

Gov. They must die both,
And suddenly, they will corrupt all else;
This Woman makes me weary of my mischief,
She shakes me, and she staggers me; go in Sir,
I'll see the Execution. *King.* Not so sudden:
If they go, all my Friends and Sisters perish.

Gov. Wou'd I were safe at home again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Arm, arm, Sir,
Seek for Defence, the Castle plays and thunders,
The Town rocks and the Houses fly i'th' Air,
The People die for Fear——Captain *Ruy Dias*
Has made an Oath he will not leave a Stone here;
No, not the Memory, here has stood a City,
Unless *Armusia* be deliver'd fairly.

King. I have my Fears; what can our Gods do now for us?

Gov. Be patient, but keep him still; he is a cure, Sir,
Against both Rage and Cannon; go and fortifie,
Call in the Princess, make the Palace sure,
And let 'em know you are a King; look nobly;
And take your Courage to ye; keep close the Prisoner,
And under command we are betraid else.

Arm. How joyfully I go? *Quisar.* Take my Heart with thee.

Gov. I hold a Wolf by the Ear now: Fortune free me. [*Exe.*

Enter four Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Heav'n bless us,
What a Thund'ring's here? what Fire-spitting?
We cannot drink, but our Cans are maul'd amongst us.

2 *Cit.* I wou'd they would maul our Scores too;
Shame o' their Guns, I thought they had been Bird-pots,
Or great Candle-cases, how devilishly they bounce,

And how the Bullets borrow a piece of a House here,
 There another, and mend those up again
 With another Parish; here flies a Powdring-tub,
 The Meat ready roasted, and there a Barrel pissing Vinegar,
 And they two over-taking the top of a high Steeple,
 Newly slic'd off for a Sallet. 3 *Cit.* A vengeance fire 'em.

2 *Cit.* Nay, they fire fast enough; You need not help 'em.

4 *Cit.* Are these the *Portugal* Bulls—How loud they bellow!

2 *Cit.* Their Horns are plaguy strong, they push down Palaces,
 They toss our little Habitations like Whelps,
 Like Grindle-tails, with their Heels upward;
 All the Windows i'th' Town dance a new Trenchmore,
 'Tis like to prove a blessed Age for Glasiers:
 I met a Hand, and a Letter in't, in great haste,
 And by and by, a single Leg running after it,
 As if the Arm had forgot part of his Errand,
 Heads fly like Foot-balls every where.

1 *Cit.* What shall we do? 2 *Cit.* I care not, my Shop's can-
 And all the Pots and earthen Pans in't vanish'd;
 There was a single Bullet and they together by the Ears;
 You would have thought *Tom Tumbler* had been there,
 And all his Troops of Devils. 3 *Cit.* Let's to the King,
 And get this Gentleman deliver'd handsomely;
 By this Hand, there's no walking above Ground else.

2 *Cit.* By this Leg—let me swear nimbly by it,
 For I know not how long I shall owe it,
 If I were out o'th' Town once, if I came in again
 To fetch my Breakfast, I'll give 'em leave to cram me
 With a *Portugal* Pudding: Come, let's do any thing
 To appease this Thunder. [Exeunt.]

Enter Piniero and Panura.

Pin. Art sure it was that blind Priest? *Pan.* Yes most certain,
 He has provok'd all this; the King is merciful,
 And wond'rous loving; but he fires him on still,
 And when he cools, enrages him, I know it;
 Threatens new Vengeance, and the Gods fierce Justice
 When he but looks with fair Eyes on *Armusia*,
 Will lend him no time to relent; my royal Mistress,
 She has entertain'd a *Christian* hope. *Pin.* Speak truly.

Pan. Nay; 'tis most true; but Lord! how he lies at her,
 And threatens her, and flatters her, and damns her,
 And I fear, if not speedily prevented,
 If she continue stout, both shall be executed,

Pan. I'll kiss thee for this News, nay more *Panura*,
 If thou wilt give me leave I'll get thee with *Christian*,
 The best way to convert thee. *Pan.* Make me believe so?

Pin.

Pin. I will i' faith. But which way cam'st thou hither?
The Palace is close guarded and barricado'd.

Pan. I came through a private Vault, which few there know of;
It rises in a Temple not far from hence,
Close by the Castle here. *Pin.* How——To what end?

Pan. A good one:
To give ye knowledge of my new-born Mistress;
And in what doubt *Armusia* stands;
Think any present means, or hope to stop 'em
From their fell ends; the Princes are come in too,
And they are harden'd also. *Pin.* The damn'd Priest——

Pan. Sure he's a cruel Man, methinks Religion
Should teach more temperate Lessons.

Pin. He the Fire-brand?
He dare to touch at such fair Lives as theirs are?
Well Prophet, I shall Prophecie, I shall catch ye,
When all your Prophecies will not redeem ye.
Wilt thou do any thing bravely?

Pan. Any good I am able.

Pin. And by thine one white Hand, I'll swear thou art virtuous,
And a brave Wench, durst thou but guide me presently
Through the same Vault thou cam'st into the Palace,
And those I shall appoint, such as I think fit.

Pan. Yes I will do it, and suddenly, and truly.

Pin. I would fain behold this Prophet. *Pan.* Now I have ye
And shall bring ye where ye shall behold him,
Alone too, and unfurnish'd of defences:
That shall be my care; but you must not betray me.

Pin. Dost thou think we are so base, such Slaves, Rogues?

Pan. I do not:
And you shall see how fairly I'll work for ye.

Pin. I must needs steal that Priest, steal him and hang him.

Pan. Do any thing to remove his Mischiefs, strangle him——

Pin. Come prethee Love. *Pan.* You'll offer me no foul Play?
The Vault is dark. *Pin.* 'Twas well remember'd.

Pan. And ye may——
But I hold ye honest. *Pin.* Honest enough I warrant thee.

Pan. I am but a poor weak Wench; and what with the Place,
And your Perswasions, Sir——but I hope you will not;
You know we are often cozen'd. *Pin.* If thou dost fear me,
Why dost thou put me in mind? *Pan.* To let you know, Sir,
Though it be in your Power, and things fitting to it,
Yet a true Gent—— *Pin.* I know what he'll do:
Come and remember me, and I'll answer thee,
I'll answer thee to the full; we'll call at th' Castle,
And then my good Guide, do thy Will; shan't find me

A very tractable Man. *Pan.* I hope I shall, Sir. [*Exe.*

Enter Bakam, Siana, and Soldiers.

Bak. Let my Men guard the Gates. *Sia.* And mine the Temple,
For fear the Honour of our Gods should suffer,
And on your Lives be watchful. *Bakam.* And be valiant,
And let's see if these *Portugals* dare enter;
What their high Hearts dare do: Let's see how readily
The great *Ruy Dias* will redeem his Country-men;
He speaks proud words and threatens.

Sia. He is approv'd, Sir,
And will put fair for what he promises
I could wish friendlier Terms,
Yet for our Liberties and for our Gods,
We are bound in our best Service
Even in the hazard of our Lives.

Enter the King above.

King. Come up Princes,
And give your Counsels, and your Helps: The Fort still
Plays fearfully upon us, beats our Buildings,
And turns our People wild with fears.

Bakam. Send for the Prisoner,
And give us leave to argue. [*Exit Bak. and Sia. Then,*
Enter Ruy Dias, Emanuel, Christoph. Pedro, with Soldiers.

Ruy. Come on nobly,
And let the Fort play still, we are strong enough
To look upon 'em, and return at pleasure;
It may be on our view they will return him.

Christ. We will return 'em such Thanks else,
Shall make 'em scratch where it itches not.

Ema. How the People stare,
And some cry, some pray, and some curse heartily:
But it is the King——

Enter Siana, Bakam, Quisara, Armusia, with Soldiers above.

Ruy. I cannot blame their Wisdoms.
They are all above, *Armusia* chain'd and bound too?
Oh these are thankful Squires. *Bakam.* Hear us *Ruy Dias*;
Be wise and hear us, and give speedy Answer,
Command thy Cannon presently to cease,
No more to trouble the afflicted People.

Or suddenly *Armusia's* Head goes off;
As suddenly as said. *Ema.* Stay Sir, be moderate.

Arm. Do nothing that's dishonourable, *Ruy Dias*;
Let not the fear of me master thy Valour;
Pursue 'em still, they are malicious People.

King. Friend, be not desperate *Arm.* I scorn your Courtesies;
Strike when you dare, a fair Arm guide the Gunner,

And

And may he let fly still with Fortune: Friend,
Do me the Honour of a Soldier's Funerals,
The last fair Christian Right, see me i'th' Ground,
And let the Palace burn first, then the Temples,
And on their scorned Gods erect my Monument:
Touch not the Princess, as you are a Soldier

Quislar. Which way you go, Sir, I must follow necessary.
One Life, and one Death. *King.* Will you take a Truce yet?

Enter Piniero, Soza, and Soldiers, with the Governour.

Pin. No, no, go on:
Look here, your God, your Prophet.

King. How came he taken? *Pin.* I conjur'd for him, King,
I am a sure Curr at an old blind Prophet.
I'll haunt ye such a false Knave admirably,
A Terrier I; I earth'd him, and then snapt him;

Soza. Saving the reverence of your Grace we stole him,
E'en out of the next Chamber to ye.

Pin. Come, come, begin King,
Begin this bloody matter when you dare;
And yet I scorn my Sword should touch the Rascal,
I'll tear him thus before ye. Ha? What art thou?

[Pulls his Beard and Hair off.

King. How's this! Art thou a Prophet?

Ruy. Come down, Princes.

King. We are abus'd ——— Oh my most dear *Armusia*——
Off with his Chains. And now my noble Sister,
Rejoyce with me, I know ye are pleas'd as I am.

Pin. This is a precious Prophet. Why Don Governour,
What make you here, how long have you taken Orders?

Ruy. Why what a Wretch art thou to work this Mischief?
To assume this holy Shape to ruin Honour,
Honour and Chastity.

Enter King, and all, from above.

Gov. I had paid you all,
But Fortune plaid the Slut. Come, give me my Doom.

King. I cannot speak for wonder. *Gov.* Nay, 'tis I Sir,
And here I stay your Sentence. *King.* Take her, Friend,
You have half perswaded me to be a Christian,
And with her all the Joys, and all the Blessings.
Why what Dream have we dwelt in? *Ruy.* All Peace to ye,
And all the Happiness of Heart dwell with ye,
Children as sweet and noble as their Parents.

Pin. And Kings at least.

Arm. Good Sir forget my Rashness,
And noble Princesses, for I was once angry,
And out of that, might utter some Distemper,

Think

Think not 'tis my Nature. *Sia.* Your Joy is ours, Sir,
And nothing we find in ye, but most noble.

King. To Prison with this Dog, there let him houl,
And if he can repent, sigh out his Villanies:
His Island we shall seize into our Hands,
His Father and himself have both Usurp'd it,
And kept it by Oppression; the Town and Castle,
In which I lay my self most miserable,
Till my most honourable Friend redeem'd me,
Signior Piniero, I bestow on you;

The rest of next Command upon these Gentlemen,
Upon ye all, my Love. *Arm.* Oh brave *Ruy Dias*,
You have started now beyond me. I must thank ye,
And thank ye for my Life, my Wife and Honour.

Ruy. I am glad I had her for you, Sir. *King.* Come Princes,
Come Friends and Lovers all, come noble Gentlemen,
No more Guns now, nor Hates, but Joys and Triumphs,
An universal Gladness fly about us:
And know however subtle Men dare cast,
And promise Wrack, the Gods give Peace at last.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.



051-39

Wife for a month

8

1717



